THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1386

JULY 9, 1930

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SPORT AND SOCIETY AT HOME AND ABROAD

The BYSTANDER

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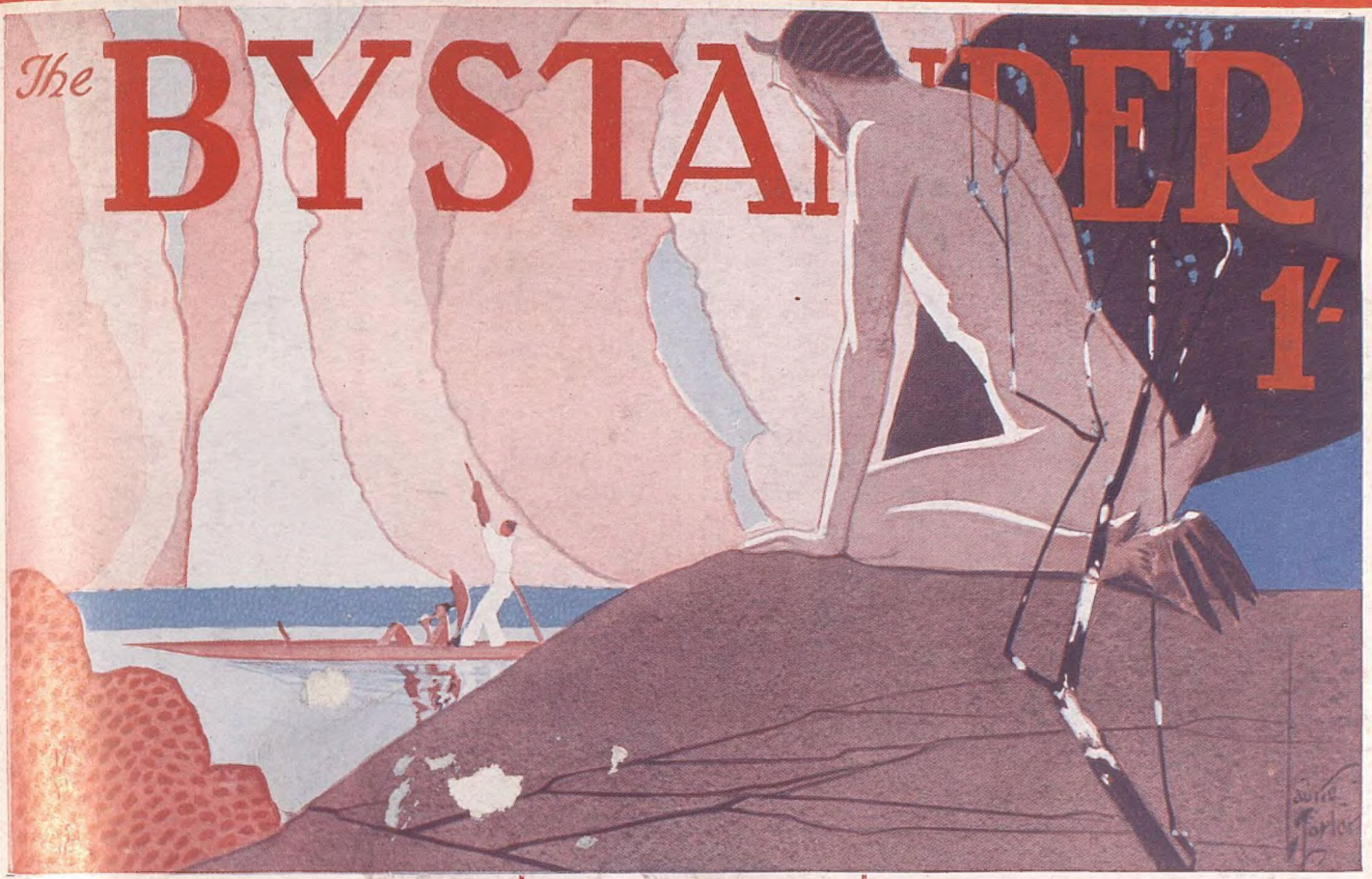

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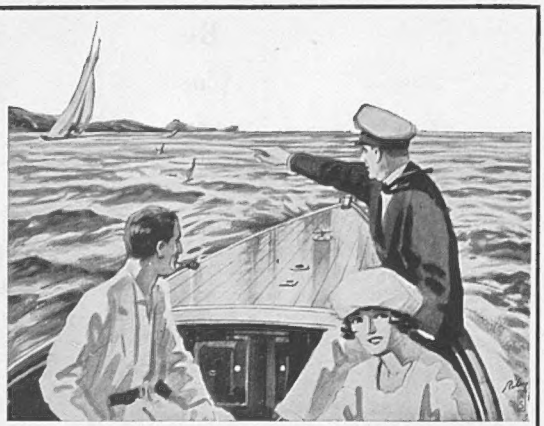

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L·N·E·R

The Bystander, July 9, 1930

No. 1386. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

MISS VERA MORRISON-SCOTT

Cigarini

Daughter of the Baroness R. F. H. Quarles van Ufford, who recently gave a dance in her honour. Miss Morrison-Scott is one of the most charming of the younger people in Society

The whisky you drink . . . Is it passable, or is it perfect? Is it—just whisky? It should be

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no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627

The Passing Hour

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON *Keystone*

A view of the delightful tea-garden at Hurlingham at the International Cup Trials. The green lawns, with their giant coloured umbrellas and shady trees present a picture of sylvan charm and bright animation that make London a very pleasant place on a hot summer day

WHAT a shame that the Goulburn team was beaten by the Hurricanes in the final of the Champion Polo Cup, after having themselves defeated the Old Etonians! The Ashton brothers played admirably, and if they had taken all their chances they would have won. Mr. Laddie Sanford, who this season had shown most admirable form, quite apart from the fact that he is admirably mounted, could do little right, but we all have our off days.

Polo Abroad

POLO players are now thinking about August. Several teams are being got up at Deauville and Biarritz and elsewhere. The Marquis de Portago, who has recently been limping about with two sticks, is thinking of collecting a team for Biarritz. Of course, the cheapest polo in the world is to be had at Brioni, where, even when hiring the excellent polo ponies to be had there, it costs less than £2 a day.

News Illustrations

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

Lady Castlerosse chatting with Mr. Aidan Roark on Champion Cup Final Day at Hurlingham, where the fine weather has made the playing and the watching of polo equally enjoyable

Very Formal

THE Café de Paris is at night, like the Ritz at luncheon time, the smartest place in London. The other evening it was full of celebrities. Lady Furness had a party of eighteen which included General Trotter. Lady Furness wore a black dress edged with white, and long white gloves on which she wore a black ring—very chic. Mrs. (Gloria) Vanderbilt, also dark and slim, wore a black dress too, with long white gloves. Supper restaurants nowadays are becoming as formal as receptions at Embassies.

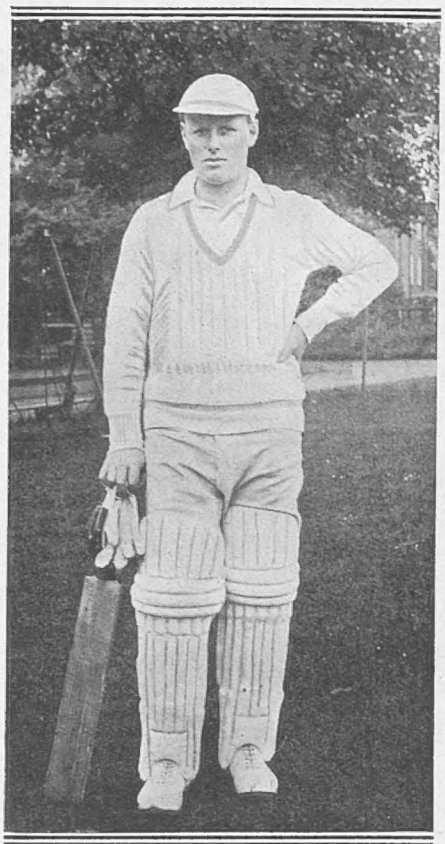
Watching the Juggler

AMONG the other guests who watched Bobby May, the brilliant new juggler, and the two new acrobatic dancers, were Lady Clifton, one of our few baronesses-in-her-own-right, Captain Barnato and his inseparable secretary, Dale Bourn, Mr. Alfred Tennyson-d'Eyncourt back from America, Mr. Nelson Keys with a partner as short as himself, and a number of very smartly dressed Americans.

Foreign Rivals

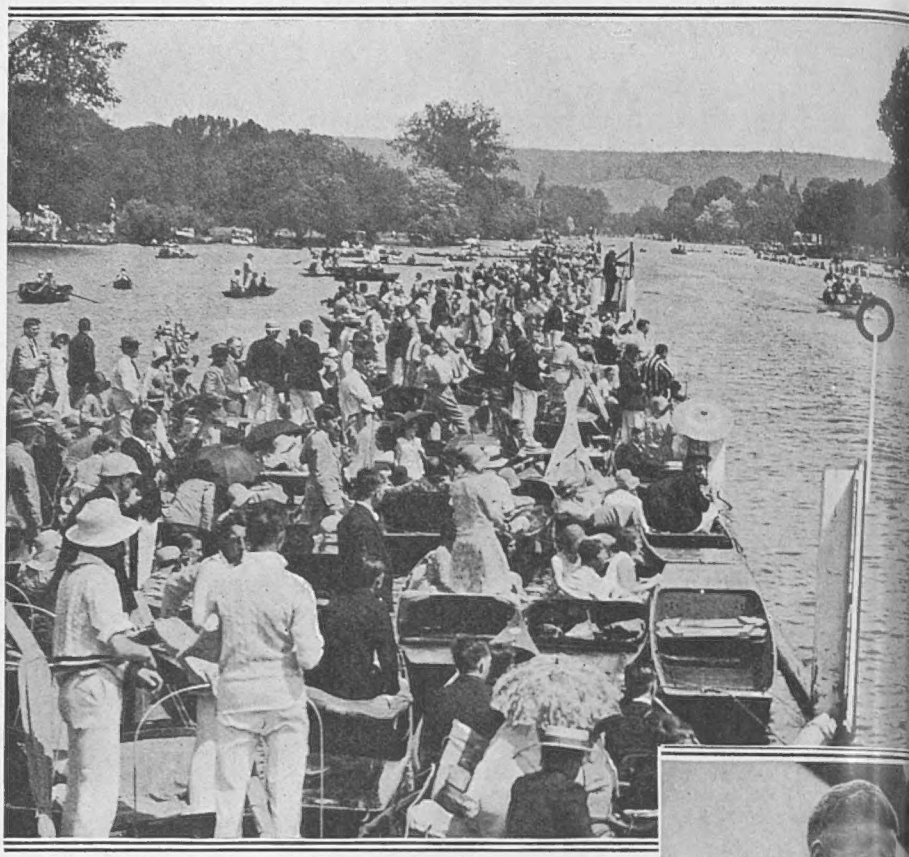
POURVILLE grows gayer week by week. It has not yet quite reached

A BRILLIANT HENLEY



R. S. Crisp

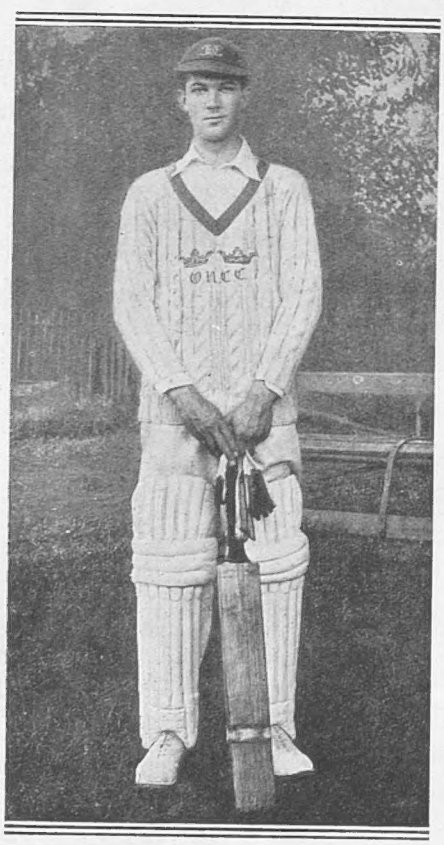
J. T. Morgan (Charterhouse and Jesus), who captains the Light Blues in the Varsity match which started at Lord's on Monday. Last year he scored a splendid 149



Sport and General

HENLEY IN THE SUNSHINE

Wet weather, of which Henley has had more than its fair share in the past, was mercifully absent, and the punts and lawns with their crowds in white flannels and pretty frocks lent a pleasing touch of colour and animation to the scene. In the above photograph of the finish of a heat in the Thames Challenge Cup, the cox of the Quintin B.C. is seen giving the "easy all" to his crew as they pass the finishing post 2½ lengths ahead of Kingston



R. S. Crisp

P. G. T. Kingsley, who leads Oxford in this year's Varsity match. A Winchester and New College man, he is a sound batsman

the popularity enjoyed by Le Touquet, where this last week-end Buck's Club held its annual tournament, for which the Prince of Wales entered. But it is rapidly catching up its rival. Last week the Grand Duke Cyril, Prince and Princesse Philippe de Bourbon (cousin of the King of Spain), the Princesse Pignatelli D'Aragon, and the Marquise Montleon testified to its cosmopolitanism. In a few days' time the swimming pool will be complete, and will thus save people—casino fashion—from bathing in the sea. In a few days' time the Concours d'Elégance will be held, for which several Bentleys are being entered.

Divided Interests

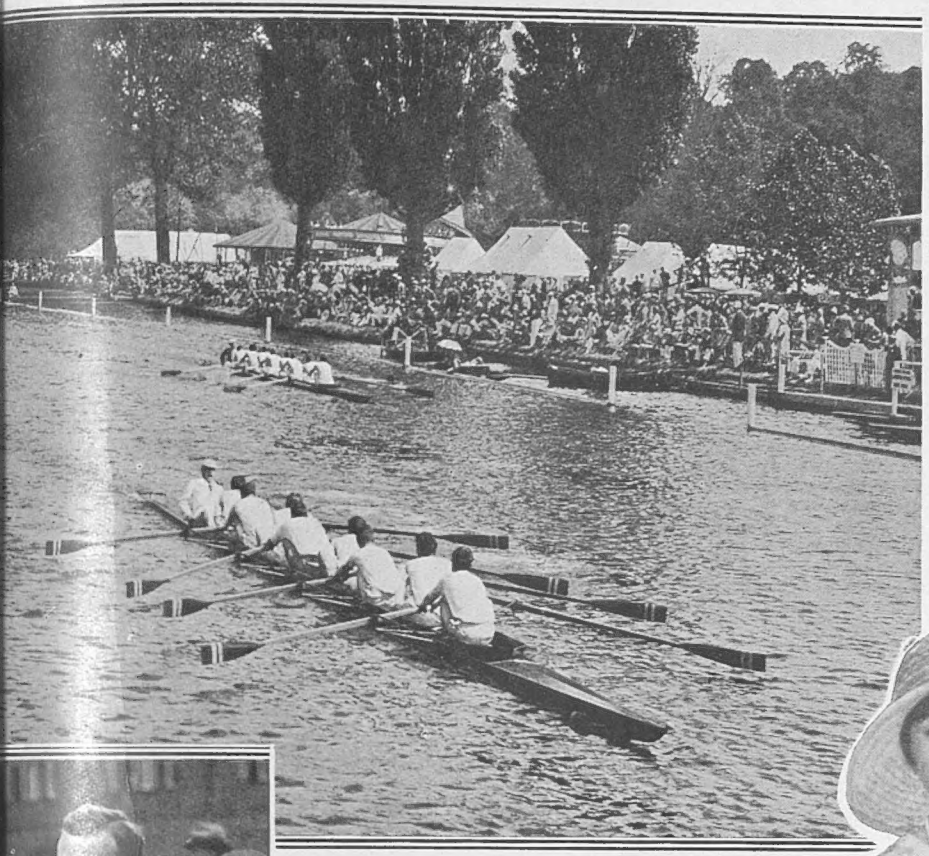
HENLEY has once again suffered from its clash with Wimbledon. Its international flavour has been strengthened, however, by the row-away victories in the early stages of some of the American crews. Royalty also patronised Phyllis Court. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught accepted an invitation to pay it a visit on Friday, and the King of Greece and Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie were similarly entertained on the previous day.

A Short Life

NOT all country clubs are as fortunate, though, as Phyllis Court. The Englemere Club at Ascot has come to an early demise after having been eight months in the hands of the liquidators. It opened only last year, and nearly two hundred guests were present, including the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. It was the home of the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and I am afraid that surviving members

Mr. Sykes (left), the rowing coa[illegible] cussing the chances of Ameri[illegible] coaches the crew from K[illegible] Sykes himself has never row[illegible] legs, he is regarded as one [illegible]

GIRLS WHO DO NOT MARRY



L.N.A.

Princeton University, dis- h Mr. R. L. Colmore, who hool, U.S.A. Although Mr. ng to the loss of the use of his finest coaches in America

of his family were financially interested in it.

Engagements

AFTER rather a dearth of such things a number of interesting engagements has been announced in the past week. Mr. Simon Harcourt South, the son of that extraordinarily handsome man Sir Cecil Harcourt South, has become engaged to Miss Rosamund Miller, whom he will shortly marry before going off with her to China in his new Foreign Office job. Then Lady Katharine Hamilton is engaged to Colonel Seymour, and Miss Joy Verney to the Hon. G. Hamilton-Russell.

The Dearth of Men

WHAT surprises one is the number of extraordinarily pretty girls between twenty-five and thirty in London who remain unmarried. They would have had a dozen new beaux proposing marriage every day before the War. Now they remain beautiful, serene and unmarried, though they are charming, in some instances wealthy, and belong to the type of family that is related to everyone. Are there not enough men to go round?

For Charity's Sake

MEANTIME, most people's thoughts are on Thursday evening for the Midnight Revue at the London Pavilion. Mr. Cochran hopes to be able to ring down the curtain at 2.30 a.m., so that people will be able to get some sleep, after all, that night. Lady Louis Mountbatten's Picture Gallery has now been completed. In addition to Lady Anne Wellesley, Lady Furness, and Lady Moira Combe, whose names had already been announced in connection with it, Lady Plunket, Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore, and Miss Diana Fellowes will dress up as the selected pictures in Lady Louis Mountbatten's collection.

Turf Enthusiasts

NEWMARKET races last week added to the excitement and the clash of the season's events. The King and Princess Mary were there on Wednesday. Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Lord Harewood, Lady Manton and her sister, Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Carnarvon, and Lady Cunliffe Owen

Vandyk

OUR ROYAL VISITORS

Prince and Princess Takamatsu, who have been on a State visit to this country, when the Prince, who is a brother of the Emperor of Japan, presented the Order of the Rising Sun to King George. Princess Takamatsu is one of the most beautiful princesses of her type to visit England, and her charm impressed everyone

ENGAGEMENTS OF THE DAY

were others who preferred to see horses rather than human beings compete. The July Meeting at Newmarket is indeed the home of the real turf enthusiast. Lord and Lady Derby, Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, Lord Blandford, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Beatty were others who testified their devotion to horse-racing, and helped to make the meeting just as smart, but much more practical than Ascot.

Prince as a Pilot

A MEMBER of a very old, and at one time powerful, Roumanian family, Prince Jean Ghica, is starting on a non-stop flight from England to Constantinople in his Moth aeroplane. The Prince is well known on the Continent as a racing motorist.

Planet News

A happy snapshot of Miss Maureen Guinness and the Earl of Ava in the Park. Their brilliant wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 3, was attended by many well-known people, including the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, Lord and Lady Carnock, Lady Doris Gunston, Lady Ursula Horne, Viscount Knebworth, the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Herbert

A Wedding Without Bells

THE Victorian atmosphere of Miss Maureen Guinness's wedding to Lord Ava, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was another sign of the times, topped off as it was by a flight in a private aeroplane from Croydon to Paris on the way to Brioni. The church was crowded with guests, many of them seldom seen at weddings. The Duke of Abercorn was there, and was congratulated on his daughter's engagement; Lord and Lady Antrim and Lord and Lady Craigavon were also in evidence.

Lookers On

AT the reception there were further crowds of people standing outside on the pavements of Grosvenor Place and trying to stare through the windows into the room containing the champagne counter. Here, at the farther end, was Mr. Edward Tatham, not a bit upset, or so it would appear, by his adventures in New York. It rather looks as though the case may be dropped. No date, any way, has been fixed for the trial.

Victim of Cartoons

WHEN he was in New York Mr. Tatham was subjected to remarkable cartoons in the newspapers; one was of all the Dowagers in London looking shocked and unhappy at him, and saying, "Alas, poor Eddy," or words to that effect.

(Continued on page 56)

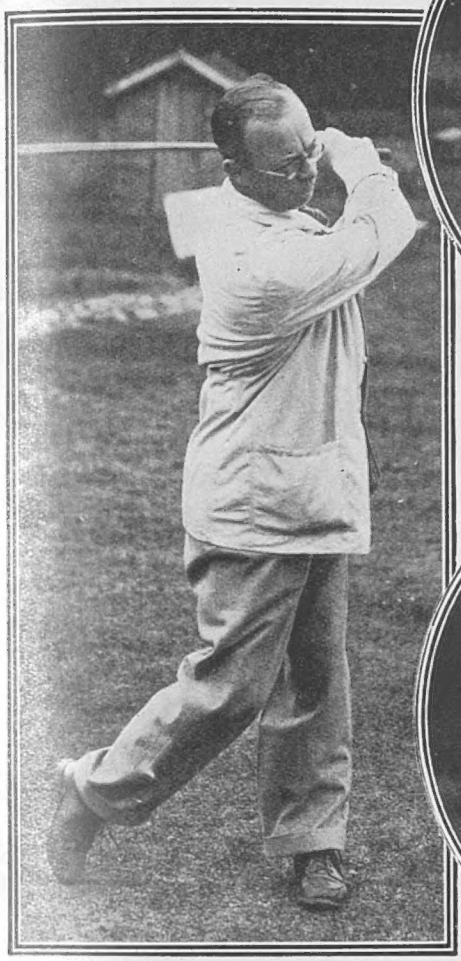
Vandyk

Mr. Henry Sholto Douglas, of the King's Dragoon Guards, and his bride, Miss Cynthia Fyers, the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Hubert Fyers, of Farnborough, after their marriage at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridegroom is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Sholto Douglas, of Hemingford Abbots, St. Ives

Bassano

Mr. Cranstoun Ridout Young, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Lindsay Young, and Miss Vivienne Vick, who were also married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, after which the happy pair left for Scotland, where the honeymoon is being spent

THE SAVAGE CLUB'S GOLF-ING SOCIETY: 21st BIRTHDAY

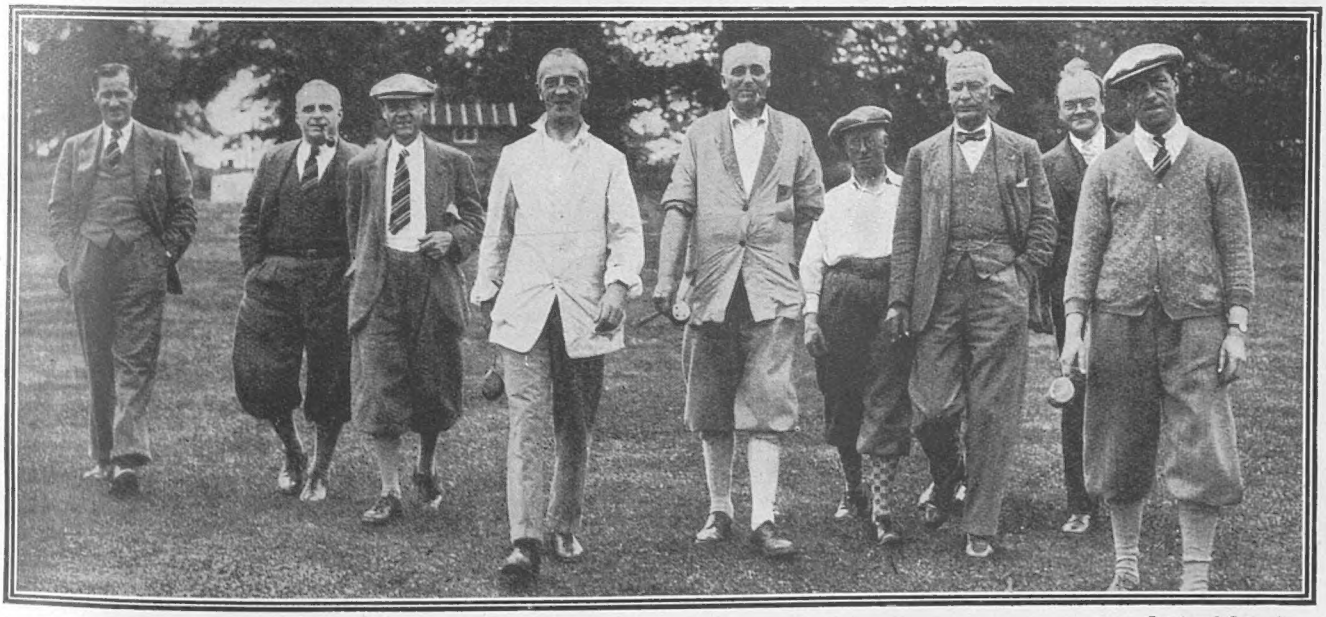


Leslie Henson driving, and also revealing the fact that he has had plenty of practice in "Follow Through"

"I'm 'Flotsam'!" (B. C. Hilliam) whose singing is so often enjoyed on the wireless

"I'm 'Jetsam'!" (Malcolm McEachern) the partner of Flotsam with the deep bass voice

Mark Hambourg making a palpable hit by keeping his eye on the ball



Photographs *Sport and General*

A group of competitors in the coming-of-age meeting of the Savage Club Golfing Society which was held at Pinner on July 1. Reading from left to right: Tom Purvis, W. Harold Thomson, T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, Guy Church, Bert Lee, G. L. Stampa, Ralph Nairn and Joseph Batten. The captain's prize was won by Billy Leonard with a net score of 75, while the foursomes were won by Thorpe Bates and W. Sydie Dakers, the Society's captain. The heat was intense and many players found the afternoon round almost too much for them

PERSONALITIES AT THE GUINNESS-AVA WEDDING

Planet News

Lady Diana Cooper with Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, seen wearing her dress for the Living Poster Ball at a rehearsal held at Lady Cunard's house. This ball, which was in aid of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital and the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and in which many well-known Society people took part, was held yesterday (July 8) at the Park Lane Hotel

Alliterative headlines, such as "Booze Baron Bewildered," were also to be seen at the head of every column.

A Prophecy

I DO not think that Mr. Tatham ever expected to be able to come back to England on bail. At the same time it would not be at all surprising if the New York authorities decided wisely that they had bitten off more than they could chew and let things go. Mark my words!

The Bridegroom's Grandfather

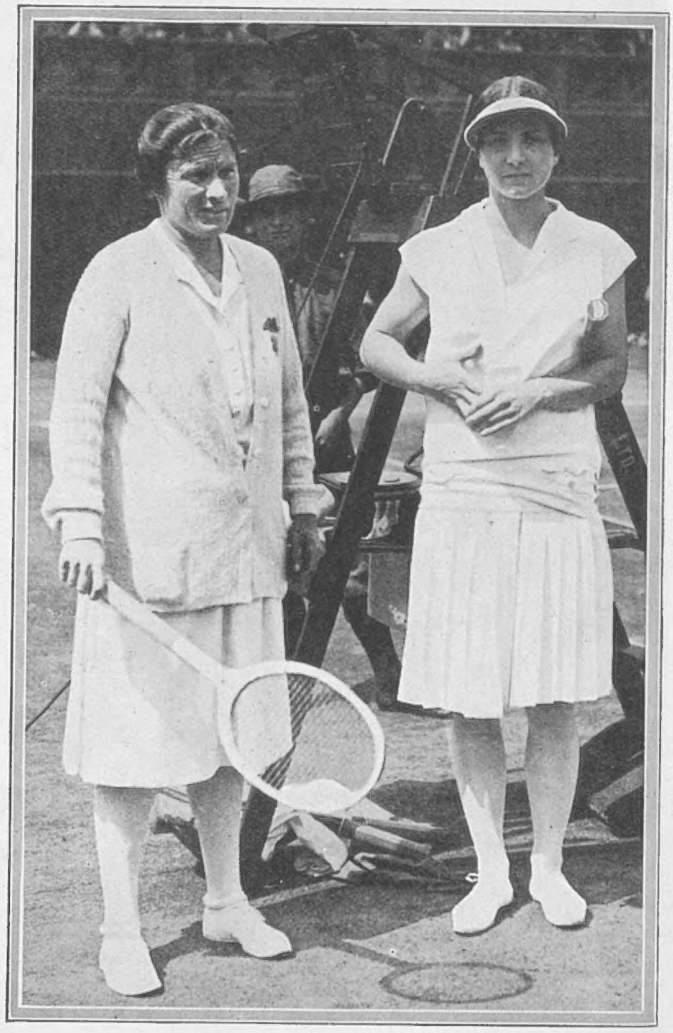
LORD DUFFERIN AND AVA, the young-looking father of the bridegroom on Thursday, looks very much like his son. His own father, one of the most courteous men in the world, was badly let down by Whitaker Wright. He also had something to do with the earliest attempts—some thirty years ago—to make Le Touquet a fashionable resort. At one time he was our Ambassador in Paris. Previously he had been Warden of the Cinque Ports, and on one occasion had to make a call on the War Office in order to arrange for certain intimate improvements at Walmer Castle, so recently was England primitive.

Amongst those Present—and Presents

AMONG the guests whose frocks were sleeveless at the Guinness-Ava wedding was Lady Plunket. Lady Ashley surprised people by removing her hat at the reception. The new Lady Ava looked radiant when the usher, as he cleared the way through the crowd, called out, "Make way for the bride and bridegroom." The wedding presents were most attractive, and it looked as though there were by no means so many duplicates as there usually are on these occasions.

A Dress Note

A DAY or two before the wedding it may be noted Mr. Norman Hartnel gave a private view of the two very different wedding dresses of Miss Guinness and the Hon. Eileen Berry, who was also married on Thursday. Both dresses were somewhat elaborate. Some preferred one, and some preferred the other. Each of the bridesmaids' dresses at the Guinness-Ava



L.N.A

Miss Elizabeth Ryan and Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, who provided an all-American Final in the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon this year. Mrs. Wills-Moody defeated Mme. Mathieu, of France, quite easily to reach the final round, but Miss Ryan and her semi-final opponent, Fraulein "Cilly" Aussem, had a hard struggle. The score had reached 4-all in the final set when the German girl collapsed on the Centre Court with a strained ankle and had to retire

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS NO LONGER BRIGHT

Photographs

Mr. Horace Smith, on Cadogan Evelyn, and Miss Sybil Smith on Cadogan Miss Muffett, winners of the first prize for Pair Hacks. Mr. Smith teaches riding to the little sons of Princess Mary and the Earl of Harewood at his school in Cadogan Place

Miss Beryl Parry, one of the little people who were well to the fore at the International Horse Show. She is seen up on her Brown Mouse, which won the Epsom Trophy for the Champion Children's Pony

W. A. Rouch

Master Arthur Noel Buxton, a young person who featured with success in the ring at Olympia. He is seen with Billy, his pony, which won 1st prize in the class for boys not over 14 years of age

SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA

wedding needed sixty yards of material. Miss Rosemary Hope Vere looked particularly attractive in hers.

Stopped by Skirts

So far this season there has not been a single Wild Party. This is, however, to be rectified, I believe, in the next few days, though I do not yet know exactly what form it is going to take. The truth of the matter is that the long skirts and wide picture hats have acted as a complete check on the activities of the Bright Young People who have suddenly developed into demure young things. Besides, they are nearly all married now—a change for the better.

An Appalling Record

The death of Mr. Russell Cooke has come as a great shock to his many friends. He frequently used to entertain parties at the Isle of Wight, and he was considered a very clever young business man. One sign of the times this year has been the extraordinary number of young people who have died suddenly, either in aeroplanes, like Mr. Hugh Grosvenor, Mr. Edward Tiarks,

L.N.A.

An action study of W. T. Tilden on the run against Jean Borotra, whom he met in the semi-final round of the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. The game proved the greatest singles match of the tournament and went the full five sets, "Big Bill" Tilden finally winning a ding-dong tussle by 0-6, 6-4, 4-6, 6-0, 7-5 to reach the final round, which was an all-American match

THE END OF THE MATCH Central Press

W. T. Tilden, the "Veteran" American player, shaking hands with Jean Borotra, whom he beat in the semi-final round of the singles at Wimbledon. Tilden won his first championship at Wimbledon in 1920 when he beat Gerald Patterson in the challenge round, and his second in the following year, when he beat the South African player, B.I.C. Norton

MISFORTUNES AT WIMBLEDON

and Mr. Eddie Somerset, or in motor cars, or in other ways. I myself knew thirty people who have died since January. It is an appalling record.

The Season Ending

EVERYTHING gay in London seems suddenly to have come to an end now. Ascot, Wimbledon, Henley, are gone. When the Midnight Revue, in which the Mawby children are to take part, and the last Court and Eton and Harrow are over, there is little to do but twiddle one's thumbs and wait for Goodwood and the holidays. The London season is all too short and crowded.

Hay Wrightson

MISS NANCY DARELL

The younger daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Darell. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. George Charles Gordon-Lennox, the eldest son of the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox and of Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, of Chichester

Looking Back

ALREADY one can begin to look back and reflect on the alarums and excursions of the Season. Very few big private dances, very few small ones, several excellent charity balls, not so many cocktail parties, half-a-dozen scandals, Wild Wednesday at Ascot—and that seems to be the lot. There have been few engagements, few marriages, and even divorces have been few and far between. And yet one seems to have been in a whirl of gaiety all the time.

Wimbledon Casualties

THIS year's championships were somewhat marred by the number of players—anyhow, as far as the women were concerned—who were hors de combat. The illnesses of Miss Harvey and of Mrs. Watson, which prevented them from taking part, were unfortunate for Great Britain, especially as Mrs. Watson's wonderful show against Mrs. Wills-Moody in the Wightman Cup augured well for her chances in the singles. Then, in the semi-final, poor "Cilly" Aussem strained her ankle playing against Miss Ryan and fainted on the Centre Court. No, it was *not* a happy Wimbledon for women players.

I.N.A.

THE HON. F. P. BURDEN

The Minister of Lands in the British Columbia Government, who is visiting London en route to Berlin to represent his Government at the second World Power Conference, which will open on the 16th instant. Shortly before leaving Victoria, B.C., he signed the agreement in which the transfer was made of some 12 million acres of land from the Dominion Government to the Provincial Government

Raphael

MISS HELEN BOURNE

Who is to marry Dr. William S. C. Copeman, M.R.C.P., of Harley Street. Miss Bourne is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. W. Bourne and of Mrs. Bourne, of Gaston Manor, near Watford

Art Photos

THE LATEST EMPIRE FREE TRADE "TRY-OUT"

Mr. T. A. Cook, the Conservative candidate for North Norfolk, and his wife at Aylsham Town Hall. Lord Beaverbrook has thrown himself into the bye-election on behalf of Mr. Cook, and has addressed meetings until polling-day, which is to-day. It is expected that the seat will be wrested from the Socialists, whose candidate is Lady Noel Buxton

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I returned from holidays to racing at Sandown Park and failed to recover expenses with a big bet on BACHELOR'S DATE. He was never travelling too smoothly after getting none too well away. He carried substantial wagers, but his followers have not lost faith.

CRÊME BRULÉE was confidently backed to make an auspicious debut. When going well, the Manton gelding unfortunately changed his legs and stared about, thus losing a deal of ground. With a little more experience a certain winner.

TETRAPODOS showed great promise as a sprinter. Looked all over a winner, but had to be satisfied with a place. The grey is one to follow with an increasing stake. Well suited by the present going.

BEARSKIN, usually the most reliable of starters, did not get smartly away at Newmarket and was set an impossible task against the fleet-footed Suspicion. Thousands were invested on Bearskin. His many admirers will follow up.

CLARAWOOD II, when lucky at the "gate," will possibly come home on his own. Up to now he has shown an aversion to the gate, but with this knowledge professionals gambled on him at Newmarket. Once again the colt was left.

EXTENSION, in a five-furlong race at Newmarket, was badly bumped and at half way was many lengths in the rear. Was going strongly at the finish. I predict an early victory for Mr. J. B. Joel's filly.

THE WORLD AGOG AT THE SECOND TEST

BRIGHTON FOLLOWS THE TEST MATCH SCORE

All over the British Empire thousands of cricket enthusiasts gathered round loud speakers and specially erected score boards anxious to learn the latest details of the great fight between England and Australia which took place at Lord's. In a match of rapid fluctuations and many thrills, the youthful Don Bradman, seen above in two characteristic attitudes, stood out with his record first innings score of 254, and the crowds seen above eagerly scanning the special "Johnnie Walker" score board erected at Brighton typify the wide interest shown

AT THE PLAY

GERALD AND GLADYS JOI

Jim Warlock (Sir Gerald du Maurier), at the opening of the Public Baths at Farmer's Green, again meets Doris Lee (Celia Johnson), whose sprained ankle does not prevent her going the pace

"Cynara," at the Playhouse

I BELIEVE that Mr. R. Gore Browne was responsible for writing a novel, "An Imperfect Lover," and he, in conjunction with Captain H. M. Harwood, in dramatising this story for the stage, has made of it an imperfect play.

THE story tells of a happily married barrister left at a loose end by his wife going abroad who, thanks to a chance meeting in a Soho restaurant, gets seduced by a shop girl, who becomes so smitten with this middle-aged man that she commits suicide when, on his wife's return, he cannot devote all his time to her.

THE inquest which is held shows up the barrister—quite untruly—as a thorough-paced blackguard. Ruined socially and professionally, he goes abroad, and the story ends with his accepting a job in Africa, whither he will be accompanied by a forgiving wife.

TO tell this somewhat sordid tale cinema construction has been employed. We start in August with husband and wife together at Capri, and for the first time they talk over the tragedy. Then he tells her his story, and we adopt the "flash back" method of the camera and go back three months.

NOW, short, sharp scenes are effective on the screen because of the pace at which they can be shown. In the theatre this speed is impossible and, consequently, the tension of the audience is relaxed while waiting. This means that interest must be recreated after every break, and each scene must "get over" on its merits.

I THINK that at the Playhouse the production, for this reason, was too restrained, too natural. Every one of these pictures must be painted in unnaturally bright colours to secure their full effect. Some of the scenes are excellent. Others quite fail to grip, notably one at the Farmer's Green baths, where the barrister meets his seducer for the second time, though I doubt whether any kind of production could save this scene.

AMONGST the most effective of these miniatures was a scene in a country inn where the barrister and the shop girl have been staying the week-end, and the following scene between the barrister and his wife on her return from abroad. Both in writing and playing they were admirable, and it need hardly be added that the coroner's court was theatrically effective, even though I think it strange that, knowing what he was "up against," the barrister was not represented by counsel, who might have been able to show his client in a less unpleasant light.

THERE are some good character studies in this play, and it was not

Gorla Kentish (Ann Todd), a girl anxious to take the wrong turning with a film star, but prevented from doing so by her respectable sister, Clemency Warlock

FORCES

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "CYNARA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Mrs. Warlock (Gladys Cooper), Christian name Clemency, whose departure abroad with her sister Gorla left her husband at a loose end and free to become entangled with loose company

Campbell Gullan's fault that his part of an elderly satyr was impossible to believe in. Sir Gerald du Maurier, himself as the barrister, played with ease and conviction, and Gladys Cooper as his wife—an unexacting part—was effective, but the actress given the greatest chances was Celia Johnson, who played the suicidal seducing shop girl brilliantly. Ann Todd was good as a modern miss, while Doris Fordred added another brilliant little sketch to her gallery of Cockneys.

"Sons o' Guns," at the London Hippodrome

THE combined wit and wisdom of no fewer than six authors have been enlisted to write the book of the above musical comedy, while lyrics and music have been provided by half that number. With nine people, then, having a finger in this musical comedy pie, it was, of course, absolutely essential to have a producer who had neither written nor composed, so Mr. William Mollison appears on the scene for this part with Mr. Ralph Reader to help with the dances, ballets, ensembles, and such-like etceteras.

AND the question now arises as to whether these multifarious cooks have, or have not, spoilt the broth. Opinions here may differ. Several visitors on the first night seemed to object to the flavour mainly for the reason, I gathered, that the picture wasn't in the least like war. An absurd objection! For musical comedy never resembles anything but—musical comedy, and a complete failure is assured for anyone who attempts to make it different.

I DOUBT whether certain hard-boiled comedians would have considered the part of Jimmie Canfield, a stupid fellow who joins up late, falls into love in France while possessing a fiancée, lets loose pigeons of a German spy with incredible imbecility, gets arrested as one, and believes his latest flame guilty, provided the sort of material which lends itself to humour. I doubt it, myself.

BUT Bobby Howes is no ordinary comedian. In addition to amusing without effort, he has such a pathetic and appealing way that we laugh with him rather than at him, and he can even impart a touch of wistful beauty into the love scenes of a musical comedy.

The management are also lucky—or clever—in securing Mirielle Perry to act as his vis-à-vis. She is a Yvonne Arnaud of the musical comedy stage, and I can pay her no higher compliment than that. The chorus ladies are so attractive and prettily dressed that one would forget there was a war supposedly in progress but for the fact that they are perfectly drilled.

"The Love Race," at the Gaiety Theatre

STANLEY LUPINO not only acts in this new musical comedy but has also written the book, which shows that his brain is as agile as his feet. Just as he can make complicated steps in a dance, so he has evolved a plot also so complicated that it is impossible to describe.

HIS dialogue is studded with as many jokes as stars seen on a starry night, and some of them, I should think, are as old as the stars themselves. Still, they are not all like that, and old friends are always welcome.

AUTHOR Stanley Lupino sees to it that Actor Stanley Lupino has a chance to distinguish himself, and where he shines most is in the invention of bits of business which are the freshest part of the show. Alert and amusing as ever, he carries "The Love Race" on his shoulders. V. W.

The Hon. John Tring (Campbell Gullan), who leads Jim Warlock astray in the good old Mephistophelean manner

PARIS GOSSIP

SEMAINES AND STEEPLECHASES

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

I WOULD really like to kill the man who suggested that La Grande Semaine be extended to two grandes semaines. Of course, I understand that the newly organised French Bureau de Tourisme realises that the American national holiday, the Fourth of July, falls on the Fourth of July, and the holidays of several South American republics occur during this month. But I should think that visitors from beyond the seas should be content with the semi-official hoop-la that commences with the Grand Prix d'Auteuil and ends with the Grand Prix de Longchamps, without desiring a continuation of this sort of entertainment. As for North Americans, they only come to Paris to see each other and go to the Ritz and Ambassadeurs and restaurants in the Bois. All that a permanent foreign resident of Paris needs to do to make his compatriots happy is to tell them the name of a good American dentist and the addresses of various dressmakers and restaurants, with the words, "Now, don't tell anybody about this place . . . we must not spoil it!"

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TWO days before the first Grande Semaine opened the Maharajah of Kapurthala gave his annual garden party at his residence in the Bois de Boulogne. It was quite a sight, the Maharajah standing on an Oriental rug laid on the lawn, receiving his guests, after a servant had screamed out your name; his majordomo was clad in a native costume of gold brocade, while two other Indian servants wore dark blue uniforms. A jazz band played in a pavilion, two great buffet tables were spread under the trees, and there was a raucous chorus from the brilliantly coloured parrots and tropical birds flying dangerously about.

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WELL, I happened to go to the party with Consuelo Pani, the daughter of the Mexican Minister, and her mother. We sat at a table under the trees to watch everybody come in. Suddenly I saw a man in a bright blue morning coat, and said "Only a Rothschild could wear a suit like that," and he turned out to be Maurice de Rothschild. Then, in the most lovely green organdie dress, in came the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and I said, "Let's stick a pin in her to see if she is real, because I don't believe any woman could look like that and be real." But evidently

"To think about history during a cocktail party"

all the men who gathered around her had no doubt that she was real. Then there was Madame Jacques Balsan, who looks and moves like a swan, and the Princess Nicholas of Greece, complete with daughters. Then down the rugs came Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, and at the appearance of the latter I said that what with all the centennials being celebrated in Paris I think that Lady Mendl could symbolise the centennial of the American Colony in Paris, although Mrs. Harry Lehr might be runner-up. And then there was the Duchesse de Croy, and the Comte Etienne de Beaumont, who designs the jewellery for Chanel, the Prince and Princesse Amédée de Broglie, Francis de Croisset, various Kapurthalas, of course, and the Begum Aga Khan.

"Decidedly red in the face"

THE Grand Steeplechase de Paris, the French equivalent to the Grand National, was viewed by the President of the Republic, surrounded by members of the Diplomatic Corps, all done up in a box like biscuits. And if the human race in this part of the world is supposed to be white, on that particular afternoon it was decidedly red in the face. The heat was terrific, and it is a wonder that Madame Fockenberghe, whose horse, Le Fils de la Lune, won, did not turn round and go right back to Morocco, from whence she had returned the evening previous. But what struck me most was the fact that never before have I seen so many good-looking Frenchmen. Of course, I cannot say "Among the handsome and smart men present were——" because that would not only cause a revolution in journalistic procedure, but I would probably be hit over the head by several women, who would think that this journalist is up to no good. And although the Society for the Improvement of Thoroughbreds is necessarily devoted to horses, I think it serves its purpose by bringing before the public the best-looking and best-dressed men in France. As long as the Anglo-Saxon public thinks that every Frenchman looks like Briand, a mere glance at the Jockey Club or Steeplechase Society's tribunes could not help but change this public's opinion.

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TO think about history during a cocktail party is a funny thing to do, but then to sit at a huge bar temporarily installed in one of the most beautiful houses of the Empire period while listening to a jazz band is still funnier. The party was given by the Comte and Comtesse Le Marois in the house which was built by the Duc de Pozzo de Borgo in the Rue de l'Université. The upper floor is owned by the Dowager Comtesse Le Marois, whose son and daughter-in-law occupy one of the flats. The Duc de Pozzo de Borgo was the *one* Corsican noble, and a great enemy of Napoleon. Their mutual hatreds followed each other's careers in a most picturesque fashion. After the retreat from Moscow Pozzo became a close friend of the Russian Emperor, who appointed the Corsican noble as his Ambassador in France. After Napoleon's complete downfall Pozzo acquired some stone columns from the Tuileries and transported them to Corsica, where he erected a monument to the defeat of Bonaparte.

BY BERT THOMAS

WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL—

If the Sitwells went in for the Talkies?

OUR VISITOR—KING ALFONSO

Studies in Expression at Hurlingham

Alfieri

DURING THE MATCH

The King of Spain and his party following with rapt expressions the progress of the final of the Champion Cup between the Hurricanes and Goulburn, which the former won by 9 goals to 7

Planet News

Another photograph of King Alfonso, who presented the Champion Cup to the winners, watching the progress of the game. With him are the Marquis de Portago (left), the Duke of Peneranda, and the Duchess of Peneranda

Plane News

A happy picture of the King of Spain arriving at Hurlingham to witness the final of the Champion Cup. He is very keen on polo, which he plays himself, and knows the game inside out

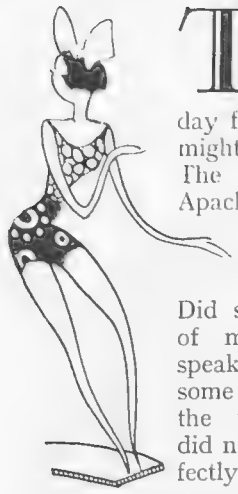
P. and A

His Majesty chatting after the match to Capt. T. C. I. Roark, who played for the winning Hurricanes. In the centre is seen Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, the American millionaire sportsman, who captained the winning team. The Australian team put up a splendid fight, and the ultimate winners had to go all out to the very end to gain their victory

A BRILLIANT FRATERNITY IN A BRILLIANT GAME

An impression, by our special artist on the spot, Gilbert Holiday, of the game in progress during the final of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, which proved one of the most thrilling polo games ever witnessed. It resulted in a win for the Hurricanes, represented by S. Sanford, G. Balding, Capt. T. C. I. Roark and P. K. Wise, who beat Goulburn, the Australian Team made up of the brothers Ashton. The final score was 9 goals to 7 and the polo was very fast and exciting throughout the match

If Gossip



THERE was an interesting little happening in Paris the other day from which London might well learn a lesson. The Queen of the Apaches sued for her wages, which were in arrears, and won her case. Did she sue some gang of murderers, an unspeakable souteneur, or some sordid member of the underworld? She did not. She sued a perfectly respectable tourist agency, and is herself, I have not the smallest doubt, a perfectly respectable person. She had been engaged to look grim and perform (after due rehearsal) thrilling little "stunts," complete with knives, fierce oaths and all the usual Apache paraphernalia in back streets for the benefit of those strange people who assemble in motor-buses with a guide and a megaphone in order to see what they fondly imagine to be "Paris by Night."

I HAD often wondered what there was to see in the streets of Paris after midnight, except the familiar pavement jostle in Montmartre, and the pseudo-Russian cabarets and "caveaux" disgorging real American and British revellers, pseudo-drunk or really drunk. The tourist agencies must have realised that this would soon pall, and so they have added something on their own account. The only pity of it is that the game has been found out. But public memory is short, and the incident should not prevent London following suit.

Some of C. B. Cochran's young ladies preparing to make a splash in the wor Place, Roehampton, where they were entertained recen

IT was the late Basil Macdonald Hastings who would always declare that London had a secret stage manager—a man who plants red-coated Chelsea pensioners at suitable points, arranges for the coach-and-four to clatter up to the Berkeley on a sunny morning just when the Americans in that and other hotels are having their first glass of iced water, and sees to it that a squadron of Household Cavalry ride, in magnificent insolence, down St. James's Street when there is plenty of traffic to be held up.

WHY should these activities be confined to the West End? There are "London by Night" motor coaches which go east of Aldgate Pump at midnight. What their occupants see when they get there, except Charlie Brown's pub. (which is closed), I know not. Limehouse and Pennyfields can boast Chinamen, who, for the most part, are decorous and

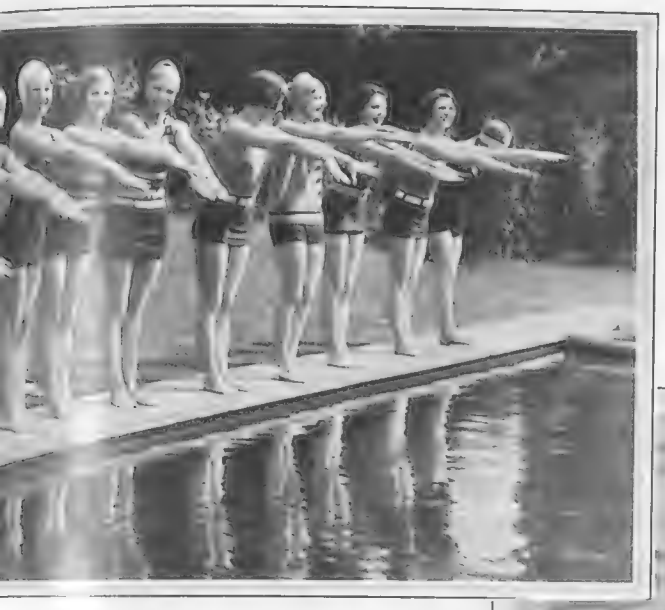
Stage Photo Co.

Ronald Squire has often been seen on the stage as the squire of dames, but in "The Command to Love," now running at Daly's Theatre, his squiring—complete with moustache—is hampered by a jealous married woman with whom he has become entangled. Hence his pained expression when taken to task by Marie (Isobel Elsom)

"Cheers! a ship! Now we shall be picked up"
"My dear, please don't be coarse!"

BY FRANK FORD

We Must.



Keystone

... are seen at the bathing pool in the grounds of Ibstock Major J. B. and Mrs. Paget

... refore dull. Jack the Ripper has functioned for forty years.

BUT a really bright tourist agency, employing a producer with a mind half C. B. Cochran and half Edgar Wallace, could have Chinamen pretending to knife each other and smoking imitation opium before you could say "Jack Robinson" or even "Jack the Ripper." The thud of a corpse, a scream from a dark alley . . . all guaranteed at five bob return and no tip to the driver, would put London on the map again as a magnet for Illinois and Mobile and for such citizens of Chicago as fancy a busman's holiday.

I WENT "way down East" in another sense at the Globe Theatre the other night and found there is more fun in the Japanese players than merely watching them from the stalls. I met a friend during the entr'acte who rashly said that he understood Japanese and could speak it. "Come along and meet the actors," I said; "they speak no English." With a look of agony he muttered that he was rarely out of bed after 11 p.m., but I was adamant, and confronted him with a circle of smiling but strictly unilingual Orientals.

He uttered not a word to them, but explained to me that the dialect of the northern island of Japan is different from that of the southern island. "Try 'em with the northern dialect," I said relentlessly, "and if there's nothing doing, fire off some southern dialect." He looked at his watch and fled. He hadn't even the sense to bluff. For if he had made a series of noises like siphons and the popping of corks, his English audience would have been vastly impressed, and the Japanese would not have been able to give him away.

THE garden party which Sir George and Lady Dance give annually in their house on the edge of the lake in Regent's Park makes one realise what a desirable thing it is to have a garden within a few minutes' taxi ride of Piccadilly of a size and tranquillity that suggest the wilds of Somerset. It would have been quite possible to lose oneself in it had not the band of the Scots Guards and the skirl of the regimental pipers drawn one back to the refreshment tent. I was delighted to see Lady Wyndham —surrounded by a number of friends —almost her first appearance since her long illness.

SIR ALFRED AND LADY BUTT were among the other theatrical folk, and Lady du Maurier brought two of her daughters. Those who have admired Miss Daphne du Maurier's brilliant short stories in THE BYSTANDER will be interested to learn, as I was from her own very beautiful self, that she has just completed her first novel. Mr. Percival Clarke told me that his father, Sir Edward, the veteran K.C., who is now in his ninetieth year, is remarkably well.

Central Press

OUR BRIGHTER SEAS!

This is not a sequel to A.P.H.'s water-bus, but only an ingenious device composed of a Carlay float rigged up to represent a taxi-cab. An amusing feature in the recent pulling regatta held off the Orkneys by the 5th Destroyer Flotilla

A POET IN THE HEAT-WAVE

The temperature in Town during last week's heat wave reached 80 degrees in the shade

The sky
On high
Is blue
To view.
The heat
Has beat
Me now,
I vow.

In vain
I strain
To write
Some bright
Crisp verse.
O curse
The day's
Fierce blaze!

Daren't shirk
My work
Though laze
Not lays
Would be
For me
O.K.
To-day.

Would I
Could lie
At ease
'Neath trees
Whose shade
Was made
For dreams
Not schemes.

Or glide
Beside
Some dank
Cool bank
And lie
In my
Canoe
For two.

Done brown
In Town
I stay
To-day.
It's Hell!—
Ah, well,
A drink,
I think! B. W.

By Platford

"Joan's quite a fair golfer, isn't she?"
"Yes, when she's watched"

THE opera season is dead. It has been a successful one musically, and the German works have never been better done. If the Italian section has not been quite up to the same level, it is mainly for the excellent reason that Italian composers are not quite up to German composers. Also, the new tenor, Gigli, though good, was not nearly so good as it was generally supposed he was going to be, and, rather annoyed, I fancy, at sundry things the critics said about him, he departed in a huff—or in something very much like one. Personally, I liked Gigli's voice immensely. Talk of "a second Caruso" is, however, just nonsense.

THE audiences have been plentiful and, on the whole, something approaching pre-War standard as regards garb and general appearance. Those utter pests, the late arrivals, have been much in evidence, and so have the even greater pests, the early-goers, who spring up in the middle of a purple patch of music (and usually in the middle of a row) and shuffle and whisper their way out, to everyone's disgust and discomfort. People who disturb an aria should be made to live in one—spelt with an "e"—and never emerge.

THE King and Queen visited Covent Garden once only—for *Die Fledermaus*—and the Prince of Wales not at all. But Princess Mary has been a regular attendant, and on one occasion Princess Takamatsu was with her. This was the only visit of foreign royalty, for King Manoel, who rarely missed a performance from his box in the grand tier, we reckon as one of ourselves, seeing that he is a Twickenham ratepayer.

Topical

A BARONET'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Sir Robert and Lady Drummond Moncreiffe outside their residence, Moncreiffe House, at Bridge of Earn, Perth, where they recently celebrated their golden wedding. Sir Robert was formerly A.D.C. to H.M. the King

JAPAN COMES TO ENGLAND

Some of the Japanese players who recently appeared at the Globe Theatre, where they gave shows which included dancing, singing and sword play. This was the concluding feature of Maurice Browne and C. B. Cochran's International Season

I WAS glad that the opera the Japanese Princess witnessed (note that royal persons never "see" plays, etc., they always "witness" them) was *Rigoletto*, rather than *Madame Butterfly*, which had been given a few evenings previously. Japan as depicted by an Italian composer and an American dramatist might have been considered a doubtful compliment. Besides, the Japanese detest *Madame Butterfly* except when the inevitable mistakes of detail and local colour make them laugh, and some of them,

so I have been led to understand, regard it as an insult to their country.

I WOULD be the last to decry English air exploits and air efficiency; but in the matter of the commercial possibilities of flying we still lag behind. This point is well exemplified by a comparison between English and French enterprise in finding new and swifter methods of mail delivery. We are not neglecting the air mail question, as the numerous light blue pillar-boxes (pillar-box blue instead of pillar-box red should shortly be the fashionable colour) which are springing up in various parts of London can well testify. But we have not yet reached the French record of speeding up transatlantic mails by catapulting an aeroplane from the deck of a liner when she is (I am speaking of the homeward journey) 300 miles off the coast of Ireland and sending it straight to Le Bourget with its load of letters.

BUT the French "Aeropostale," with the Air Union, are going further than this. They dispatch mails to South America far more quickly than any other nation by sending them from Paris to the Cape Verde Islands by air, and the rest of the way by special swift steamers. Soon they are to abolish the steamers and send the mails regularly all the way by air across the South Atlantic. This week, too, they inaugurate a daily postal service between Paris and Madrid. And we cannot even get a letter delivered on a Sunday for love or money! Alas! too, that the days of the penny post are ghosts of the happy past, but never, it seems, will come again. They are joys which must remain only as memories.

CAPTAIN "WULLIE" MARTIN

Who has been with the Volunteer and Territorial Forces for fifty years. As a boy of fifteen, he joined the 1st Ross Artillery, from which he went to the London Scottish. Afterwards he performed valuable service both in the Boer War and the Great War, and is now amusing himself by organising the St. Andrew's Club in Whitehall, which is a veritable gathering of the clans

BY CHICOT

'Did you catch your husband flirting?'
"Of course—wasn't that how you caught yours?"

FOR years I have known the Caledonian Club in St. James's Square, which is neither stern nor wild and is shortly to enlarge its premises. But this is not the only place in London where Scots forgather regularly for a "richt guid wullie waucht" (whatever that is and however you spell it). There is also the St. Andrew's Club which, though in Whitehall Court, like Bernard Shaw, St. John Ervine, and so on, is actually on Scottish ground. In Elizabethan maps you will find this district marked "Scotlande," and the association is still, of course, preserved by the existence in the neighbourhood of Scotland Yard.

THE leading spirit, and a lot of other things, of the St. Andrew's Club is Captain W. A. Martin. "Wullie" Martin joined the old Volunteers over fifty years ago, then became a popular Territorial officer, and during the War did excellent work, although very much of a veteran, in helping to organise the convoy system. He can spin some wonderful yarns round the club fire, which, let me add, is invariably a peat one.

THE glorious uncertainty of cricket was never better demonstrated than it was on the fourth day of the second Test match at Lord's last week. In the morning it seemed that England would be lucky if they escaped an innings defeat, and the Jeremiahs were not slow in indulging in a perfect spate of criticism of our Test players and the Selection Committee responsible for choosing them. Then came Australia's second innings, and as one Australian batsman after another wended his way back to the pavilion the excitement grew by leaps and bounds. The match at Lord's will go down in history as one of the most thrilling and remarkable ever witnessed.

Yvonne Gregory

CELIA JOHNSON

Who has made another great hit as "Doris Lee" in "Cynara," the new Gladys Cooper—du Maurier drama now running at the Playhouse

Problem of a Shooting Stick and a Lady

By Richard Viner

Unfortunate effect on young author who went to the opera and saw Mrs. Claude Beddington, came home to write of it and found a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" in the taxi.

Music, music, music, sharps and flats, basement flats, first floor flats, Devonshire House, Grosvenor House, Rowton House. Can I come in? Just for a second. Whisky and soda? Darling!

The other night at Covent Garden was a lady with a shooting stick. Mark over, Sir Harry, the birds are flying low. Here comes a lady with a shooting stick.

What! A shooting stick at Covent Garden? Apples, oranges, pears, bananas, Elders and Fyffes, Eat More Fruit, Empire Fruit, prima donnas, belladonnas, Caruso, Tetrazzini, spaghetti, Jeritza, howitzer, Bruno Walther, Friedrich Schorr, Lotte Lehmann, fruit drops, tiaras, tiara-boom-de-ays, Fledermaus, fledermice, fledercats. Is this Bow Street? I never knew Covent Garden had its own police station. Yes, I am an American of no fixed occupation, but fourteen addresses. Gentlemen's addresses. Arrest that woman with the shooting stick!

Why should a shooting stick go to Covent Garden? I saw it standing in the foyer. When Communism was Anarchism, bomb, bomb, bomb, oh, look at Mr. Churchill in that funny hat, he's going shooting in Sidney Street, he'll need a shooting stick. When Communism was Anarchism and the world knew where it was, drink, drink, drink throughout the night, boys, people used to get shot at the Opera, yes, and shot away, but never a shooting stick.

Huntin', fishin', shootin', racin', but what's it doing at the Opera?

Standing in the foyer, standing on the stairs. Stands everywhere. Grandstands, bandstands. Cecil Beaton, Nancy Beaton, Baba Beaton. Silk, satin, cotton, rags. Shot silk, shot shooting stick.

Look at Lady Asquith. Look at Lady Lansdowne. Look at me. Look at you. My boy, you should have seen it before the Flood. Opera was opera then. And women were women, and the tiaras placed end to end would have reached from here to Solly Joel. Who's that woman over there? I remember, I remember. And her skin was like the clouds, and her eyes were like the sea. Blue nights, black nights, sunset to dawn nights. Cannes, Nice, Paris, Monte Carlo. Gentlemen of leisure, gentlemen of the jury, ladies with ambition. Yes, m'lady, no m'lady, I'm a lady now.

Silk, satin, coffee, rags. I want some coffee. I want some drink. I want a critic who's crazy for me. I'm funny that way. Make way, make way, make way. Gentlemen of the Press. A contradiction in terms, but let it pass, let it pass.

Enter Mr. Print. He is young, and oh so cynical. He knows peers and peeresses by their Christian names, and oh such a lot besides. He is on the prowl for print. Such a time is printing time, hot presses, cold presses, compresses, pressed beef, pressed pork, press me into print. Oh dear Mr. Print!

"Did he show you his family tree?"
"No. But he told me several shady chestnuts!"

"Look!" I cried. "Oh look, Mr. Print, there's a lady with a shooting stick. You've surely never seen a lady shooting stick."

Mr. Print sighed. "You wouldn't know, you wouldn't know. No one knows. You never know. Don't you know Mrs. Claude Beddington when you see her?"

"Ah, yes, of course. I always know people when I see them. It's so much easier than seeing them when you know them. But it is astonishing, is it not, Mr. Print?"

"It is not astonishing at all. She has been carrying it for years, but you'd never know, you'd never know. No one knows anything, and when they do I know it already."

"Good-night, Mr. Print. And good pressing."

Mr. James Joyce, whose peculiarly distinctive style of writing is parodied with all due apologies in this skit. It is most satisfactory to learn that the blindness which overtook this well-known author has now been cured

His voice disappeared behind a meringue. I was alone. Shooting stars. No, shooting sticks. Beautiful lady, beautiful black hair in coils. Talents, charm, coils. Mrs. Claude Beddington's shooting stick. Come, come, children, come into beddington, but why with a shooting stick?

Captive with curiosity. A captive balloon shot by a shooting stick. What would you do with it? Pick up casual accidents from the floor? Gloves and bags and programmes overcome by a sense of gravity. Prod and prod, and up they come. "Forgive me, your foot. How awfully pain-making. Excuse." No, no, not that, it couldn't be for that. Opera isn't a paper-flaked park. Not prod and carry one. What for, this shooting stick?

Enter Herr Bruno Walther. Every man his own baton. Tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-tum, tap with the fingers, tap with the teeth, tap-rooms and heel taps, swing with the music, swing with the feet, but no shooting swings. Danger. No Thoroughfare. Damn hydraulic drills. Shooting stick conductors: "Forgive me, Lady Pentwynde, was that your toupé? Ah, Sir Henry, your waistcoat, not torn but rent before. Dear, dear! Lord Chetters dead! Who would have thought so little a blow would kill so large a man." Suicide while of unsound shooting. No shooting sticks for shooting music. Please park your shoots in the vestiare.

Aeroplane, aeroplane, whirr, whirr.

Oh, darling, there's Le Touquet.

OO-HOO, oh, darling, hold my head.

Bon Jour Paris. See the Eiffel Tower on a shooting stick. See the Ritz and die. Sens interdit. Die on a shoot. Yes, a champagne shute.

Pop.pop.POPpopopopopopopopopopopo pop. POP.pop.POP.

That's what shooting sticks are for. To be sat on.

Q.E.D. Hip, hip, hooray. Bang. FINISH.

Richard richard Viner viner.

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

AN AIR ATTACK!

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF

THE OCCIPITAL VULTURE OR RONALD

To Land-on Ronald is to find
A bird that's music'ly inclined,
That's why the concert people vote
He shows he is a bird of "note"

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO

I have a hunch that Nelson ("Bunch")
Is one playgoers always bless.
So good is he at mimicry
He proves the Keys-(s)tone of success

An Afternoon "At Home"

Representative types of British light aeroplanes flying over a typical modern aerodrome. The green monoplane seen on the left is at the right is a Blackburn "Bluebird" from the Yorks Aero Club, which is flying beneath a Desoutter Sports Coupé, painted white biplane seen at the top of the picture on the right is a Coupé "Moth," whilst below it fly a

BY JOHNS

..." AT A MODERN FLYING CLUB

the left is a Westland "Widgeon," which is flying immediately above an Avro "Avian" from the Lancs Aero Club. Slightly above painted in orange and black, the colours of the National Flying Services. To the left of this is another Desoutter. The green and it fly a yellow Gipsy Moth from the London Aeroplane Club and a blue and white Comber "Swift"

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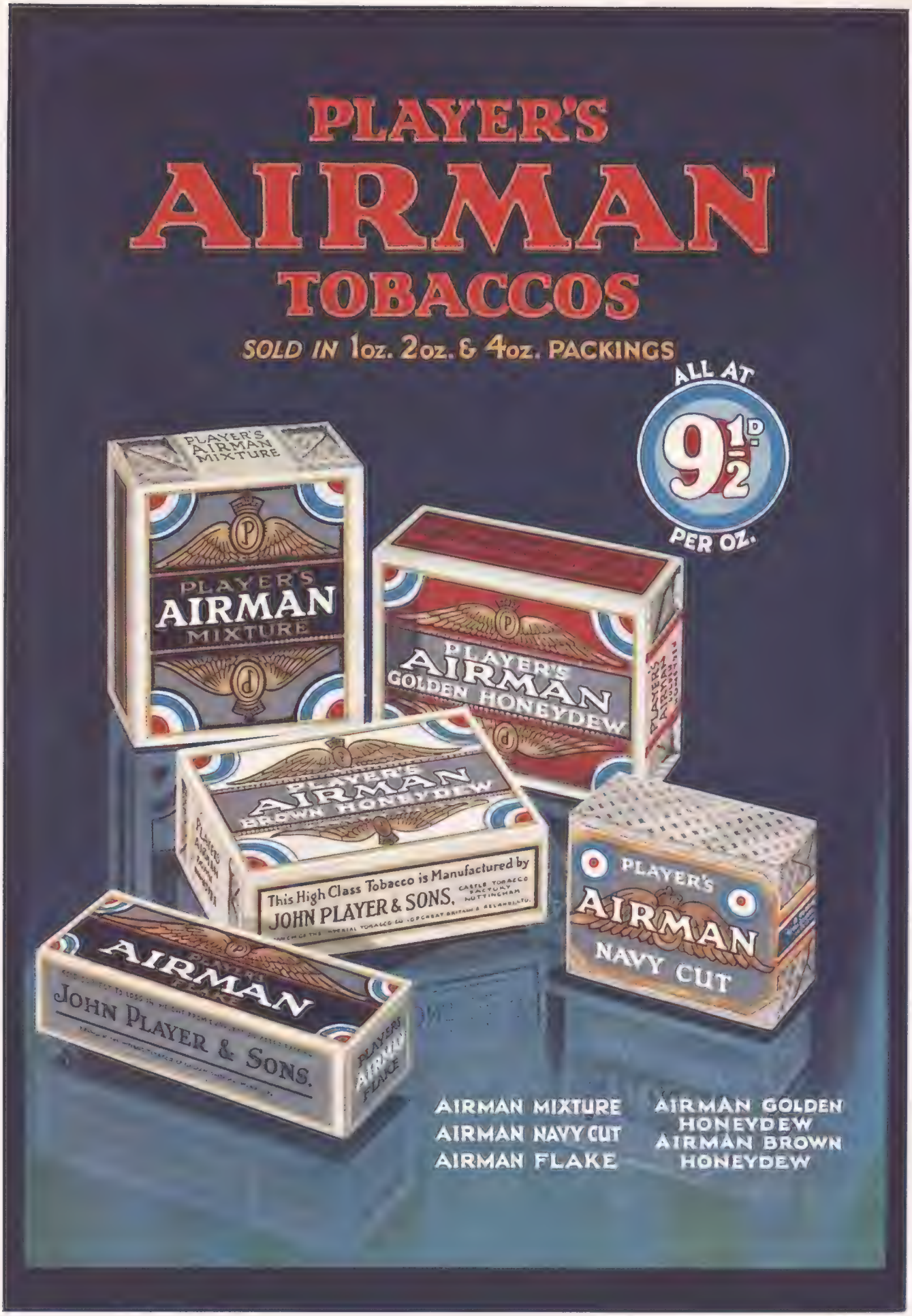
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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

BUNNY

By MURIEL HARRIS

Illustrated by A. SINDALL

THE pension was a gog about the American. It was a cumulative excitement. There was the shock that each of us received when Miss Wordsley told us she was engaged—or nearly so. There was the excitement that we imparted to each other. By we I mean, of course, the old stagers—those of us who were staying at the pension all the winter to go to the Sorbonne, or study art, or learn French by practising upon each other. There was, of course, a floating population as well. These drifted in for a night on their way to Florence or back again. Somehow all the British Isles went to Florence in turn, and all and everyone told their experience with the porters, the possibility of getting hot water, and the quality of the coffee—oh, and they usually added that no foreigner could make tea.

We had known Miss Wordsley all the winter and we liked her. There was a virility about her which appealed to us, and, what is more, to men, too. Mrs. Agnew said she wondered that Miss Wordsley had never married. So it was a shock individually when she told us of the American. She was a good talker and she seemed to have been all over the world, keeping house for miners in Alaska or digging for the seven golden candlesticks in the Tiber. She talked like a man, without sensation, with definition. And then she mentioned casually that he—the American, we called him, though really we none of us knew his nationality—was turning up at Easter, and that then she would have really to make up her mind

I suppose the shock was chiefly due to the fact that Miss Wordsley was not young. She was not at all young, even though her hair was red and was waved with precision over her ears. It was too red. Every Saturday she went to the coiffeur round the corner from the hotel—they are so cheap in Paris—and the very firm wave put in that afternoon held out gallantly till about the following Friday evening. Once a month her hair became a blazing red and then gradually faded till it looked almost natural.

I don't mean that Miss Wordsley was foolish or skittish. She wasn't even an old maid in the ordinary sense of the phrase. Somebody said she looked like Beethoven, and there was some truth in it. She had a rough, rather ugly face with a kind, impersonal expression that was almost distinguished. It was bravery or independence on her part—not foolishness—to wear her hair red and to paint her cheeks. She liked it. That was all. But we hadn't thought of her marrying. She seemed too independent, too good a talker, perhaps. I knew Mrs. Agnew thought of her almost as a man.

BUT as soon as every member of the pension knew that every other member had received Miss Wordsley's confidence, they naturally expected something. Easter, she had said, or thereabouts. Some of us said we wished we hadn't planned to go home just at Easter. Still the American might come earlier — by Good Friday, perhaps. Even Mr. Smith got into the habit of looking out for the American.

Not that Mr. Smith ever said anything. It came out by circumstantial evidence that he painted. Mr. Smith, it seemed, was trying to reconcile Paris with the art school at—I forget whether it was at Clapham or at Norwood, but it doesn't really matter. Mr. Smith was small. His cheeks were rosy and his hair was thinning on the top. He had a curiously underhung jaw which, with his pleasant expression, gave him the effect of smiling to himself like an old man. Adèle, the maid, liked Mr. Smith. He was always punctual for meals, and he never tried to take two portions of anything, as was the case with some of us. As a reward she invariably gave him a larger share of the chicken than was his due. He went through his meals silently. He was not greedy, but merely thoughtful, and his thoughts seemed pleasant. He never managed to link up a conversation by the usual method of "Will you have some salt?" or "Would you pass the bread, please?" or "Have you been sight-seeing to-day?" But he also knew about the American who was to come and claim Miss Wordsley somewhere about Easter.

Miss Wordsley had been kind to Mr. Smith when he was a newcomer. Adèle knew that the British meant "hot water" when they said something that sounded like "Oh Showed," but she did not understand that Mr. Smith wanted to be shown his room when he said nothing at all. Miss Wordsley was kind to all newcomers. We had a knack of regarding them as interlopers, ignoramuses. We translated for them when they were longing to experiment with the French they alleged they had rubbed up. We told them patronisingly what to see in Paris when they didn't in the least want to be told, but would much rather tell us about Florence—or even Glasgow. They, on their side, were insufferably superior—indeed, a handsome elderly woman who dressed for dinner said to Miss Wordsley, "What a menagerie! I only come here because it is cheap."

"Oh, do you?" said Miss Wordsley. "I come here because I like the people better than at the Ritz."

THAT was the best of her—she never told any of us how queer the others were, and some of us really were remarkable. She never implied superiority in her own walk of life, though it was plain to all of us that she was a woman of the world. She never excused her presence on the ground of cheapness, or talked about the people you could tell by their accents. Actually, you could tell very well from people's accents at the pension who they were, and when they spoke French you knew exactly from what part of the British Isles they came. But Miss Wordsley was above all that. She was even kind to the young clerk who worked in a bank and talked grandly about the night-life of Paris, and to little Miss Eagles, whose behaviour towards the clerk—indeed, towards any man—was considered generally reprehensible. When she was asked to sing—it was considered polite at the pension to ask people to sing, and, unfortunately, not very many of them refused—she declared that she had a voice like a basket of kittens, and made similar manly jokes at her own expense. They suited her rather grim face. The shock came when she told us about the American.

WE all of us knew that she had travelled. America, Asia, Africa were only items in her itineraries. She knew a lot about them and talked well, and then, when she had proved herself little short of a Livingstone or a Stanley, she would tell us—one at a time—that she was probably going to be married directly There was someone—the American—who was coming from somewhere—where he had been three years—and then she would have to make a decision. He had said she didn't know her own mind. He said that three years ago—just before she went to the East Indies. He was coming back for her answer. She didn't know what she was going to do about it. She had told him she would have to see him first. You had the

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impression that he was covering thousands and thousands of miles, going round the world perhaps as many times as possible in order to come from a greater distance so that he could turn up in Paris at about Easter time in order to ask Miss Wordsley a question.

We wondered whether Miss Wordsley could possibly have looked much younger three years ago—a little less like Beethoven. We hoped he was a millionaire—the American, not Beethoven. And we waited and we heard more conversation about Florence and hot-water bottles and tea-baskets and porters, and we bought hats, and the young clerk continued to talk about night-life—chiefly when Miss Wordsley wasn't there. She never talked tea or even Paris. If you mentioned excavations in Crete she would say, "You know there are some very curious parallels in North Africa," or "When I was in Jerusalem." She told you about the bells on the temples in Burmah which corroborated all we had ever learnt in Colonial exhibitions. "Mesopotamia? Did you say Mesopotamia?" Miss Wordsley's large, slow voice was directed one evening towards a newcomer—a man with rather eager eyes who had brought his wife to see the battlefields, though she only wanted to go shopping in Paris.

"I was out there under Townshend." The man began to tell the history of Mespot.

"He left fifty thousand pounds," said an elderly man who had brought his daughter to see "gay Paree." "A tidy sum. Have a pear, Alice."

"I don't want to denude you of it, father." Alice was a shade genteel.

"Well, if you don't want it." He took the last pear.

"When I was in Mesopotamia," said Miss Wordsley, "feeling was running very high."

"Yes, we've made a pretty mess of it."

"I wanted to understand the native point of view," she continued. "I tried to learn Arabic. Yes, it *is* difficult."

Miss Wordsley was certainly a power in the pension, even to newcomers. And you couldn't be jealous of her with a face like that. At least, that was Miss Eagles' point of view. You couldn't think her pretentious. The Mesopotamian didn't as she listened to all his experiences. His wife had to touch him to indicate that everybody had left the table. Oh, those stories! His wife knew them all by heart. And he always told them in the same words—she could have screamed sometimes—and with the same pauses, and even with the same gestures. How far were the shops from the pension? she asked Miss Wordsley. She had seen to it that they would have one day left from the battlefields.

Still Mr. Smith never spoke a word, but went on eating his dinners solemnly and punctually and—it was alleged—combining Paris with the Crystal Palace or Streatham. Miss Wordsley said she was not at all sure about Paris.

A good many people left the pension at Easter. Some had finished their term and passed their examination. Some had economised all the winter and were going to spend the summer elsewhere. The transients continued to improve their minds with concentrated doses of a week in Paris, and how was it the French couldn't wash flannels? English, Scottish, Welsh, American, the majority of them scattered, except the little clerk and one or two other exiles who kept up their spirits by writing home about the dashing life they led in Paris. In the general exodus Mr. Smith disappeared without a trace, and even Miss Wordsley was lost sight of in default of permanent chroniclers at the pension.

That was probably how the rumour arose. Three months after Easter some of the older inhabitants began to repeat themselves. One and all they wanted to know about the American. Had he come? What had happened? Had Miss Wordsley been able to make up her mind to live in America? Rumour grew strong. Ridiculous stories went the round. Somebody went so far as to say that Miss Wordsley had eloped with Mr. Smith. This was considered a great joke, if not quite in the best taste. The pension prided itself on its tone. Miss Wordsley had gone to Florence for three months with Mr. Smith! Well, why not? An intelligent woman and Mr. Smith, a painter who could probably tell her all about the pictures she didn't know.

Then everybody laughed. For Mr. Smith had never been known to speak. Also, Miss Wordsley was palpably of a different social status from Mr. Smith. Think of all the people she had met on her travels! One thing must have happened, however. Either the American had been refused by Miss Wordsley, or she had made up her mind to go to America with him. Of course, she had already been there.

The young clerk—he wasn't very reliable—was making his way down to dinner one night in August. He lived on the sixth floor. Half-way down he met Miss Wordsley coming up. But it was a new Miss Wordsley. She looked as though she had been scoured and polished and painted. She was wearing new clothes. Her hair had never been so red or so undulating, and she wore on it a dead-black hat. Her face was more manly than ever, and there was no pretence at all about her cheeks having been touched up. She was carrying a handbag, pending the arrival of Adèle with her suitcase, and she gave the clerk her left hand. He alleged that she was wearing an enormous engagement ring.

"Miss Wordsley appeared just as meat was going round. . . . She wa

The pension was breathless. It could hardly get through its soup. It was good soup, too, as following Sunday's chickens. Where was the American? Was the clerk sure it wasn't a wedding ring. Of course he was. He knew a wedding ring when he saw one—and Miss Eagles blushed.

Miss Wordsley appeared just as meat was going round. She nodded in a friendly way to Adèle. She was dressed in a blazing orange silk jumper, which, with her cheeks and her hair, made a remarkable colour scheme. It was still more remarkable that she managed to carry it off, rather as a Dutch doll carries off her complexion.

She was followed by Mr. Smith.

She called him Bunny. Yes, he had designed the engagement ring himself, and you could see the Crystal Palace wrestling with Paris. Bunny was wreathed in smiles. His little underhung jaw stuck out with pleasure until it almost reached his nose. He had combed his hair still more carefully over the thin places and it looked almost a uniform black. He actually murmured a few words to all and sundry, which, even if they could not be heard, were extraordinarily expressive.

A tactless person said something about the American.

"Oh, we turned him down, didn't we, Bunny?" said Miss Wordsley with a large, comfortable smile. "It was so lucky I wasn't in Paris when he came. Yes, we have been travelling round Spain."

The pension didn't look in the least scandalised, because one expects unconventionalities from great travellers.

"I'm so much interested in the Moorish influence in Spain. You brought your drawings, didn't you, Bunny?"

Miss Wordsley was not wholly masculine in her outlook. She confided in time to all the pension—very calmly and collected, it was true, while Bunny sat listening happily at the other end of the sofa—that they were to be married in three weeks' time. Yes, at the church, of course. The wedding ring was to be very narrow. Just the initials inside and perhaps the date. Bunny was designing that, too. She wasn't sure that they would live at Norwood. He had three sisters there who adored him. "I haven't promised you to settle down altogether, have I?" she asked Bunny, who grinned.

"I don't see you settling down for good," said Mrs. Agnew.

"I don't know. After so much moving about."

"That's true. But how did he ever propose? I've never heard him speak."

Miss Wordsley smiled wisely. She looked tired now. It seemed she had been ill in Madrid. Bunny had been very good to her. That was what tested a man—when you looked a hag and couldn't do things. "He was horribly alarmed about me," she told Mrs. Agnew complacently.

"What I admire about Miss Wordsley," said Mrs. Agnew, "is that she knows what she wants and she takes it. Of course, she might have made a better match than Mr. Smith, but no. She turns down the other man and takes on this little grasshopper, just because she loves him. It's real romance;" and Mrs. Agnew gulped with emotion.

All the pension felt that Miss Wordsley might have looked a good deal higher than Mr. Smith. For, of course, Mr. Smith did sometimes speak, and his accent was not at all like that of Miss Wordsley. It was not difficult to picture his sisters either. You could see them living their straight little lives in a straight little road in a straight little suburb. You could see the house with the privet hedge, cut so that not one leaf was out of place. You could see the flowers in the vases—the exact dozen—bought on Saturday from a woman at the corner who said they were fresh that morning. You could see the church—or was it chapel?—and the two sisters arriving punctually at eleven, while the third remained at home to cook the Sunday joint, with a cold sweet. You could see Mr. Smith, no longer humble and voiceless, but a power among three women who adored him and, even while they wished that he went to London every day by the 8.30, admired him because he

(Continued on page 90)

followed by Mr. Smith. She called him Bunny"

FILM NOTES

ART FOR ARTLESSNESS' SAKE

By Lionel Collier

Bow, ye lower middle classes! Rejoice, intelligentsia! Another Russian film has made its appearance at the Scala, which has recently been showing programmes consisting of such mixed grills as "Turksib" and "Seventh Heaven."

THE new heaven-sent inspiration is called "Two Days," and D. W. Griffith in all his glory never introduced us to such barren analogy or more obvious platitudes than are here presented. A better title for this masterpiece of ineptitude produced by George Stabavoi would have been "A Bolshevist in the Making" or "Arson as a Fine Art."

TO give any idea of what the Semitic and youthful University intelligentsia, consisting of undistinguishable youths and girls, have decided is Russian high art, it is necessary to give some idea of the story presented in a series of kinematic exaggerations.

IT concerns the loyal caretaker of a wealthy family which is fleeing before the onslaught of the high-souled Reds. He protects his employer's son from the invaders, who are led by his own offspring, a most objectionable young gentleman of dubious honesty of purpose and most unfilial behaviour. Of course, the family after all counts for nothing in the Soviets.

THIS careless caretaker buries a puppy killed by the conscience-stricken capitalists by accident in the scurry of their departure in the same hole that conceals the family treasure which he has been left to guard. Unfortunately the puppy's mother digs up her dead and discloses the treasure, which is carefully shipped to Red headquarters. These Bolshevist revolutionaries are exceedingly honest people, as the producer is at some pains to show.

THEN the Whites retake the village and the young son who has been saved by honest William, the caretaker—sorry, his name is Anton—rounds on the faithful servitor, and, after having knocked Anton about, discloses the whereabouts of his son, who has been left behind as a spy. As a spy he is hanged, and we have some pleasant "shots" of his feet dangling from the top of the screen. This incenses the honest servant, who locks up all the Whites in the mansion and sets fire to it, burning them all to death. Whereupon one feels that he has got the right sort of class consciousness and joined the Army of impeccable Reds. Having done this, he staggers down the road and dies, which seems a pity, since, by what we have seen, he should have become a state official at least.

Douglas Beaumont, aged 13, who represents the present generation of British Boys in the British Instructional Picture "One Family" at the Palace. Some of the scenes were made in Buckingham Palace by special permission of His Majesty

IT is the most artless propaganda I have seen, produced with art which has obviously been borrowed from the Germans. There is some single frame cutting which has been called Russian, and which I suppose the highbrows will applaud vigorously, but which is actually a very obvious example of camera consciousness. It is just like a child with an illustrated paper and a pair of scissors.

THIS propaganda is so comic that it can carry no weight, but it is certainly a handicap on some clever camera work and sincere acting. F. F. Samychovsky is exceedingly good as the caretaker. Anyway, enough of this caviare from doubtful sturgeon. It certainly will not enhance the cause of Russian art, except to those to whom a story is art because it is Russian.

LAST week I mentioned three British pictures which I had hoped to deal with this week. Only one of them, however, has been shown to the press, and that is "The 'W' Plan." There is another which has just been completed, "The Last Hour," which I also intend to mention.

"THE 'W' Plan" is an adaptation of a newspaper serial story, and is a very excellent example of the spy type of thriller. Victor Saville has made a very entertaining picture, technically excellent and with extremely good direction of thoroughly sound actors.

NATURALLY it is easy to criticise some points of the story, which shows us an English officer dropped behind the German lines to get information about a plan which is to end in a signal defeat for the Allies. But

Maurice Chevalier and Evelyn Brent, who star in "Paramount on Parade." This talkie revue has been enjoying a successful run at the Carlton Theatre

Norah Baring and Randle Ayrton in "Two Worlds," a British International Picture which has just been completed at Elstree

A dramatic moment in "Two Worlds," a story of the tragedy of a poor Jewish girl (Norah Baring), who saved an Austrian officer (John Longden) during the Russo-Polish War. This picture is made in English, French and German by E. A. Dupont

Raphae

RANI RAMA

The lovely young Siamese actress, who is a new recruit to the films. She is leaving the cast of "The Three Musketeers," at Drury Lane, to film in "The Yellow Mask," a British International picture

the main thing is that Saville keeps one interested and convinced practically all the time. There are some really good thrills provided by an aerial combat and by the blowing up of a tunnel whose ramifications are the basis of the German plan. Camera work is particularly good, and the picture shows a polish both in dialogue and production, which augurs well for its success. Excellent casting is another of its big assets.

THE cast includes Brian Aherne as the spy, Madeleine Carroll as a German girl, who was engaged to him before the War. Both are excellent. Every part, even the minor ones, are filled by artists such as C. M. Hallard, Gordon Harker, Cameron Carr, Milton Rosmer, Gibb McLaughlin, so that there is not a weakness in the acting anywhere.

THE speaking voices are pleasant to the ear and very well recorded. It is a real pleasure to hear English spoken as we are accustomed to hear it. I think "The 'W' Plan" is a very definite British success.

ALTHOUGH "The Last Hour" is very unsophisticated material, it is well acted, and to me, at least, was amusing, partly because of its unsophistication and partly because the acting was good. At any rate, it is much more entertaining than many American pictures, and has the merit of being spoken in English with a comprehensibility which appeals to us. One may be amused by American manners and American slang phrases, but after a bit the novelty wears off and one comes down to its basic vulgarity and singularly childish outlook which must, one supposes, be inseparable from a nation which is as yet in its infancy, even if it is not in its premature dotage.

WALTER FORDE, who has made the most successful British full length comedies, has a flair for giving the popular public what it wants, and he is nothing if not versatile. A clever comedian himself, he has the gift of directing his actors to advantage. I have never, for example, seen Stewart Rome to better advantage than here, as the international spy who almost gets away with the plans of a death ray. He is suave and at ease, with no trace of that stiffness which has often handicapped him In this case, he has transformed himself very cleverly, and he deserves full credit for his performance.

THE story is all about some members of the C.I.D., who are often incredibly foolish, and international spies, who until the end, when their airship, which is to take them back to their country, is destroyed by the very death ray they are trying to steal, get the best of it. Of course, unsuspected persons turn out to be Secret Service agents and the whole thing is very much according to type. Nevertheless, it is quite amusing if not convincing

L. C.

THE LITERARY SHOW

SO THIS IS POETRY!

By J. A. Hammerton

RARELY have I failed on any day in more than forty years to read some poetry old or new. Never in any systematic way, let me add, unless I had some instant piece of writing to do concerned with a particular poet or some aspect of poetry. For I find on reflection that I have not only read immensely among the standard poets, but that I have also in my more temerarious years ventured boldly into the discussion of what constitutes poetry — a thing I am now diffident of doing in my more discreet years. It happens, however, that during the last few weeks I have been having a veritable debauch of poetry—or shall I say printed matter that looks like verse to the eye?

Fox Photos

A NOVELIST'S SMILE

A new portrait of Mr. H. G. Wells, the famous author, who is now busy at work on a new novel

Russell

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

Whose criticisms and views on poetry are discussed by Mr. Hammerton in this article

Raphael

Dorothy Wilding

IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS

Miss Murray Chapman, the well-known traveller and artist, whose book, "The Land of Frost and Fire," dealing with her tour across Iceland, has recently been published

Miss Daphne du Maurier, whose pen has lately been responsible for many articles and stories in THE BYSTANDER. *Her first novel will be published by Heinemann in September*

I THINK it was an article by Mr. Arnold Bennett, in which he hurled at us a number of quotations from the ancients and the moderns and asked "Is that poetry?" that must have sent me so often of late to the poets' corner of my library. I remember that I was strongly dissident to Mr. Bennett, and thought the particular article I have in mind one of the least illuminating he had written, although it drew a fine tribute from a lady rejoicing in the charming name of Regina Miriam Bloch, in which she said "Arnold Bennett's discourse on poetic values was brilliant and beautiful. . . . Mr. Bennett's fine criticism raises that lost art once more to the level of Sainte Beuve and Walter Pater." Here indeed is matter for mirth, and the sub-editor who printed Miss Bloch's letter in displayed type was either a wag or a humourless soul.

WE may doubt if Mr. Bennett, to whom most achievements in literature come as easy as swimming to a duck, had really got us back to Sainte Beuve in one swift hour of writing. Rather had he headed us upon a false track. Bluntly, his notion of poetry was quite wrong, or so it seemed to me. What he demands of a poet is that he shall use language which is "beautiful, shining, splendid." In a stray quotation from Browning he did not find this, but no one that has read, say, fifty per cent. of what Browning wrote can possibly deny that this sort of language abounds in his poetry. Nothing is more futile than to quote stray lines from any poet, good or bad, and to ask the reader if this is poetry. Equally to choose some shining lines and with a gesture of finality say "*This* is poetry," helps very little. Even the worst of poets, for example the Montgomery of Macaulay's shrivelling scorn, could yield a line or two that might pass for poetry on this rough and ready method of illustration, just as the very best can supply us with examples of banality. It is really much easier to be a passably good poet than to be a moderately decent proseman.

IT seems to me that there is a confusion of thought in Mr. Bennett's mind. He is among those who think that the poet's first business is to tickle our tympanum rather than to give utterance to thoughts that stir the mind, or to fire our imagination with descriptions that are vivid because they are true. He quotes two lines from Mr. Irving Taylor's *Sacrifice*. The one:

> Then with Hell's fury freighted, fell a star

and the other:

> Unfooted wastes and vast unfathomed glooms.

And he correctly tells us that "Milton might have written these lines," and that there are scores as good in *Sacrifice*. To which the obvious reply is that Milton did write these lines! Although we may look through *Paradise Lost* in vain to find them, shall we not find hundreds on which they are based? I could quote you many scores of lines from Bailey's *Festus* as good as those, and none of them would have been written had not Milton shown the way.

SIMILARLY from Mr. Roy Campbell's *Adamastor*, which I am glad to know is having as great a success as a work of poetry can hope to have in these days, Mr. Bennett takes some entirely admirable lines and tells us that Mr. Campbell "will compete, and not unsuccessfully, against Byron, he will be Miltonic, Keatsian, Swiftian." He does not say that he can be entirely Campbellian, which might be a quality ranking higher than any of those specified. Nor does he suggest that he could be Eliotian, which is the only quality of Mr. T. S. Eliot, one of our newer writers who produce printed matter that bears at first glance a close resemblance to

(*Continued on page 86*)

A FILM STAR COLONEL OF AMERICA'S AIR FORCE

Bebe Daniels in a scene from the Paramount film, "She is a Sheik." She was recently made Honorary Colonel of the 332nd Pursuit Group of the United States Army Air Corps, presumably because she can pilot a machine herself

THE LITERARY SHOW (*continued from page* 84)

poetry. The individual voice, however strange it may sound at first hearing, is less liable to escape our notice than the mannered or the imitative, no matter how immensely superior as artistry the latter may be.

One of my favourite poets, to whom I return again and again both for the stimulus of his vigorous utterance and the emotional satisfaction of his words, has probably missed hold of the present generation chiefly because his poetry has been modelled on the Wordsworth school. I mean Sir William Watson, who in the matter of using language that is "beautiful, shining, splendid," will stand comparison with any other poet writing to-day. We have had little from him in recent years—I hear he now lives in retirement at that most uninspiring of seaside resorts, Peacehaven—but I doubt if there are half a dozen of his younger contemporaries whose works are at present occupying the attention of the *cognoscenti* whose *Collected Poems* will contain so much of the real stuff of poetry as you can find in those of William Watson.

Possibly some of my readers might love the Eliot touch; "it is so incomprehensible, don't you know." That is how Mr. Charles Williams looks at him. A great poet if one only knew what he was blithering about. *The Waste Land* is one of Eliot's masterpieces. I have been reading it for the third or fourth time in a book that came opportunely to my table the other day from America (whence Eliot hails), *Prize Poems* 1913-1920, edited by Mr. Charles A. Wagner, himself a bit of a poet. An astonishingly refreshing book, this, out of which I have had much entertainment and instruction. Eliot's *The Waste Land* got the prize awarded by *The Dial* in 1922. I wonder why? Here are its sixteen opening lines, which I print as prose. In the original they use up sixteen capital letters for the beginning of the lines and take up unnecessary space.

April is the cruellest month, breeding lilacs out of the dead land, mixing memory and desire, stirring dull roots with spring rain. Winter kept us warm, covering earth in forgetful snow, feeding a little life with dried tubers. Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee with a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade, and went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten, and drank coffee, and talked for an hour. Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch. And when we were children, staying at the archduke's, my cousin's, he took me out on a sled, and I was frightened. He said, Marie, Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.

In the words of Arnold Bennett "Is that poetry?" It may be, but not the sort I was brought up on. It sounds like the start of an unprofitable tale for a ladies' annual of a hundred years ago.

To me it is the beginning of a turgid little stream of words that loses itself in a morass of meaninglessness. On its way to the morass it burbles thus in the concluding lines of a section called (heaven knows why) "A Game of Chess":

Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

And listen again to the prize poet in "The Fire Sermon," another section of the admirable but incomprehensible *Waste Land*:

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter.
They washed their feet in soda water,
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forc'd
Tereu.

In such wise does the sorry thing go on in varying metres, now rhymed, now gloriously "free," with cross headings that are comic if meant to be serious and pathetic if meant to be comic, until we come to the end which crowns the work:

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down—
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam ceu chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih.

So this, my friends, is Poetry! What do you know about it? as Mr. Eliot's compatriots are fond of asking. Do you get any "kick" out of it? After repeated readings I've got none. Yet I am told that even outside the asylums Eliot has his admirers, and that I am merely not bright enough to get the hang of this genius's inspired words. A saddening thought after forty years of reading poetry and writing about poets.

SOME BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS

LADY WEYMOUTH AND HER DAUGHTER *Lenare*

A new photograph of Lady Weymouth and her daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne. Lord Weymouth also has a son and heir, the Hon. Timothy Thynne

VISCOUNTESS ALLENDALE *Marcus Adams*

With her children, the Hon. Wentworth, Richard, and Edward Beaumont, and the Hon. Ela Beaumont

THE "JEWEL OF THE BLACK FOREST"

A delightful view of Wildbad, in the Black Forest in Germany, which, owing to its warm springs, has enjoyed a reputation as one of the most famous spas in Europe for six hundred years. It has also become a prominent mountain-air health resort, and on the Somerberg Plateau, which is situated about 3,000 feet above sea-level, there are a number of excellent hotels which cater for the comfort and enjoyment of its visitors. In addition to its many other features, Wildbad has a fishing area that may be numbered among the most beautiful and best-stocked trout water on the Continent

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MORE EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN

By Ralph Straus

IN the course of a week's reading I have made the acquaintance of five unusual women. No. 1 I would dearly like to meet in real life, though she is no longer young and not very beautiful to look at. No. 2 is an American actress, and if her author chooses to write another book about her hectic career, I shall not object. For No. 3 I have no use at all, and No. 4 is hardly more to my liking. No. 5 is a devil, who murders anybody unwise enough to stand in her way, much as you or I might buy a new pair of boots. But there is some excuse for her, for she is the chief character in a detective-thriller, and one or two of her victims badly needed murdering.

I DRAW your particular attention to No. 1. Her name is Hannah Mole. She is suspiciously like a decayed gentlewoman, but in reality nothing of the kind. She is a housekeeper-companion, who is constantly out of a job, occasionally vulgar, a really good liar, almost penniless, and a brilliant talker. You may read about her in *Miss Mole* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is the work of Miss E. H. Young, who wrote *William*. I have not read that book, though I have heard Hugh Walpole and others praise it highly. As a matter of fact, I had not read a word of Miss Young's work until I opened the new book. And, to be candid, after reading the first chapter of *Miss Mole*, I said to myself: "What on earth is it all about. I shall not go on." (Which is one of those things that a reviewer says to himself every few hours.)

MISS E. H. YOUNG
Whose new novel, "Miss Mole" (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) is reviewed by Mr. Straus in this article

AND yet there was something about Hannah. . . . I decided to read on for half and hour or so. I read on for three hours and a half. My respect for Hannah changed to admiration and then to affection. Once, for a moment, I admit, the thought passed through my mind that she was too good to be true. Are these super-women, I wondered, to be found outside the books? But did it matter? Here was Hannah, and I loved her.

SHE has a past. You have to wait for some time to learn details of that past, but you know all the while that it exists. And obviously she will have a future. But of what kind? Will somebody leave her a fortune? Or will she sink down, so to speak, to the basement, and in her old age merely char? No, this cannot be. Somebody will have to hide all her shabby clothes and buy a trousseau for her, and hurry her off to the registry office. She cannot be allowed to remain for ever in the household of the Nonconformist Minister with the two daughters and the unsatisfactory son, and the amorous housemaid and the admiring nephew.

MAJOR W. E. MORRIS
Whose new war book, "Behind the Lines," has recently been published by Geoffrey Bles. His previous book, "Bretherton: Field Grey or Khaki?" enjoyed a great success

AND Miss Young at long last takes pity upon her. One of Hannah's dreams comes true, and all is well. Now this is no sentimental mush, but really good entertainment. Miss Young knows her small provincial towns and their curious natives and their occasional rebels. And if her Hannah does not exist, she ought to. At any rate I found her story engrossing, though I am quite prepared to be told that its beginning is a little confused. And I would like to hear more of her, now that she is unlikely to enter service again. See that you make her acquaintance.

NO. 2 is Miss Dulcie Dugan. You may remember her as the breathless heroine of that breathless affair called *Show Girl*, and I am not surprised to find her inventor, Mr. J. P. McEvoy, now packing her off to filmdom. The Dulcie of *Hollywood Girl* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), indeed, has all the qualities which we have come to associate with a cinema star except one. I really feel that she ought to have been quite abysmally stupid. But she isn't, and that is why I include her amongst my extraordinary women. As a matter of fact, she is singularly clever. Her letters may be delightfully free from good grammar, but they are what I may call unliterary pearls; and it is only her cleverness which gets her to filmdom at all.

DULCIE knows the value of publicity. So does her inventor. We have her new career unfolded by telegrams, diaries, newspaper pars, and the like She is still in love with her nice Jimmy Doyle, but, of course, will not think of marrying him until after her third or fourth divorce. (After all, Hollywood, like Salt Lake City or Wigan, has its conventions.) And by that time, one supposes, Mr. McEvoy will have written several more books about her. Here, at any rate, we are allowed to learn how one of those soul-stirring, epic and super-supreme, ultra-sensational film-masterpieces is sent out to conquer the world, and how its star stifles her love for publicity's sake. Mr. McEvoy forces you to chuckle at his absurdities, and long may he continue to do so.

BUT what of No. 3: "Goosey" Hughes, whose depressing career fills Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's new novel, *The Island* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*)? I am afraid I found her one of the most boring females who ever stole into fiction. As a study in morbidity, the book may have its points—it is beautifully written—but these semi-masculine ladies who adore their own sex are seldom attractive. "Goosey" may be more sinned against than sinning, but I confess I was not greatly disturbed when I

(Continued on page 90)

. . . there's Health in it !

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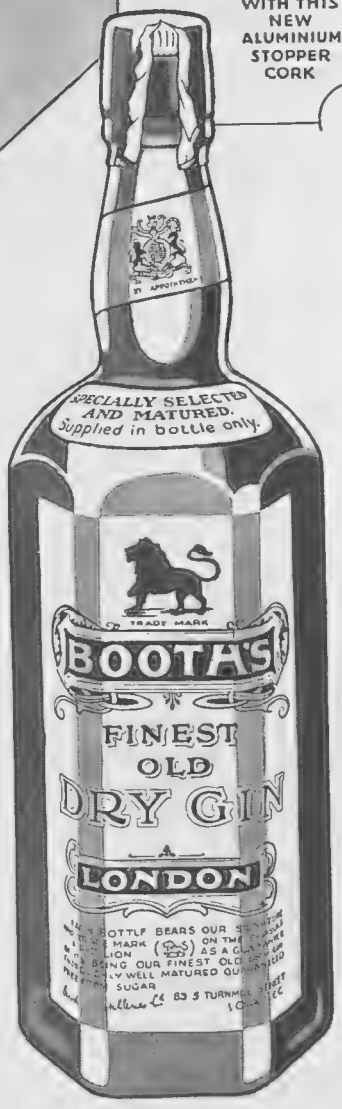

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Willing B.G.12

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 88)

found that she was taking leave of her senses. The search for originality leads novelists these days into very strange corners.

S

No 4, at any rate, is normal; a little unfortunate, but normal. You will meet her in *No Goodness in the Worm* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), a first novel by Gay Taylor. Her name is Valentine, and she is unhappily married. A great friend of hers—one of those modern young women who spell Life with capital letters—seems to be having a very good time with a succession of lovers. Valentine decides to follow her example. Unluckily she forgets the chief rule in this rather dangerous game. She chooses her man without much difficulty—he makes furniture and wears "rational" clothes—but stupidly she falls in love with the fellow. He is the cad of cads, and naturally she is soon down in the depths. Nor is she cheered by the news that her great friend is going to have a child by the cad. No wonder she attempts to commit suicide. But Miss Taylor takes pity on the poor creature. She sends her to bed with the acutest form of appendicitis, and an operation not only removes the offending organ, but also Valentine's infatuation for her furniture man.

S

Now this book is a not undistinguished piece of work, but the only thing about it which I can heartily commend is its title. Surely the cheeriest and jolliest title ever invented! "No goodness" in the worm! Well, well; does Miss Taylor really find the "modern" world such a lugubrious place? Cannot she give us something a little less melancholy? It is bad enough to have a succession of "psychological studies" brought to us from Germany and Russia; cannot we have from our own newcomers something a little nearer to life as most of us find it?

S

It is perhaps a little unfair of me to mention No. 5 at all, for she is the chief malefactor in Mr. Lynn Brock's new "thriller," *Q.E.D.* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is the Crime Club's latest choice. But if I do not mention her name, and as she is not the only woman in the book, I may be forgiven. The book is another "seductive" adventure of the admirable Colonel Gore, and if there is no great surprise at the end, there is no lack of unexpected twists and turns. And Mr. Brock is quite lavish with his murders. Even Gore himself only just escapes. I enjoyed it.

S

So much for my five extraordinary women. I will end with a very ordinary boy. *Lyndesay* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Connell, is that very rare thing, a modern Public School story which calls spades spades and hides nothing at all, and yet leaves the pleasantest taste in the mouth. And this is all the more extraordinary inasmuch as its author is an Oxford undergraduate! Actually his youthful hero enjoys himself! And yet he isn't captain of games or a "strong man." On the contrary, he is a sensitive child, even guilty of writing verse! It is very odd. But it is also very pleasant. An unsensational story which reads like the truth. Mothers, uneasily aware that criticism of the "Public School system" is not lacking these days, may be grateful to Mr. Connell for daring to show the other side of the picture. R. S.

Books and their Authors

The father of Robert Graves, Alfred Perceval Graves, has written his biography under the title of *To Return To All That,* which Jonathan Cape will publish on July 14. As the father of Robert Graves, the author of *Good-Bye To All That,* Philip Graves and Charles Graves, he naturally has something to tell about his sons, who have made reputations as poets, soldiers and journalists.

S

The House in Tuesday Market, by J. S. Fletcher, just published by Jenkins. The new owner of the house in Tuesday Market made a grim discovery when he opened the window seat in the study, a discovery that leads to a series of mystifying and exciting events.

S

On July 11 John Lane's are publishing a new volume of biographical studies entitled *Personalities and Powers,* by Knut Hagberg, author of *Kings, Churchills and Statesmen,* translated by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claud Napier. *Kings, Churchills and Statesmen,* the first book published in this country by the Swedish writer, Dr. Hagberg, was widely praised on its appearance last year. As a foreigner's view of well-known English personalities this new book should prove to be most interesting.

S

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs, to be published shortly by Hutchinsons, is, we are told, a story of the love of two inseparable brothers for the same beautiful girl.

BUNNY (continued from page 81)

insisted upon Art with a big A. You could hear them talk of "my brother who is studying art in Paris." They showed the zigzag cushions which he had designed in the intervals of his art work. They had filet net curtains, even though they preferred lace, and though the little house was built in a period that demanded lace and not net. Two of them followed art lectures in order to keep up with him, and it was a pity that the third had to stay at home in order to look after the house. When he went to Paris they realised that art will have its sacrifices. Paris had its temptations, but they trusted their brother.

The pension could very well picture Mr. Smith's home-life, because it was very much the kind of life it led itself when not in Paris. It could not picture Miss Wordsley's life, and for that very reason felt that it was something beyond them. It was not surprising that Americans should come from the ends of the earth to marry Miss Wordsley. What *was* surprising was that Miss Wordsley should condescend to marry Mr. Smith. They were not sure that she was wise. And, even so, they did not know that the three sisters were in the closest communication, written and verbal, with legions of aunts and cousins, all of whom had opinions, all of whom mistrusted Paris, and all of whom would have looked upon Miss Wordsley's bright red hair with the darkest suspicion, and would have treated her travels in Mexico or Jerusalem as negligible compared with that hair.

Miss Wordsley fell ill ten days before the wedding. She had never really recovered from the chill in Madrid. The pension took it in turn to nurse her. It was indeed something of a privilege to nurse Miss Wordsley. Mr. Smith was distraught. He wandered from one to the other of the pensionnaires, and with a new fluency told them all about Miss Wordsley. So distinguished! Such a great heart! "What she sees in me——" and Mr. Smith ended in a gulp. "She needs somebody to take care of her," he said to Mrs. Agnew. "She told me she did, though you would never think it to look at her—so fine, so proud. She said she had never had anybody to take care of her."

"You mustn't get worked up like this over a chill," said Mrs. Agnew kindly.

"And I said we needn't live in England if she didn't like it. You couldn't expect her to live in England, could you, when she's been everywhere. But she said she would." Mr. Smith's eyes filled with tears as he realised all the distinction of living in what his sisters called "abroad." And Miss Wordsley was willing to give it up if he liked. "Of course, *they* won't like it," said Mr. Smith, thinking of his sisters rather belatedly. "But they couldn't expect it of her."

"We'll get her well first," said Mrs. Agnew, "and then you can settle where you're going to live."

Miss Wordsley grew alarmingly worse. Her hair came out of its waves. Her face grew gaunt, and she looked an old woman in spite of the touch of colour which Mrs. Agnew put on her cheeks.

Mr. Smith didn't see it. He haunted the passage outside her room. One day they sent for him hurriedly.

"Bunny," said Miss Wordsley in a whisper, "Bunny, dear."

He put his arm round her.

"Bunny." The whisper was very low indeed, and Mr. Smith was frankly crying. "I haven't ever travelled—and—and—there wasn't an American—or anybody."

. . . . . .

Miss Wordsley's tombstone was designed by Mr. Smith. It bore the words, "A Perfect Woman, nobly planned." Mr. Smith wanted to put it in French because Miss Wordsley liked "abroad" so much, but Mrs. Agnew said that, after all, English was foreign in a foreign country, and so it was, agreed Mr. Smith, when he could speak.

M. H.

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FLYING NOTES

THE BRITISH POLAR AIR ROUTE

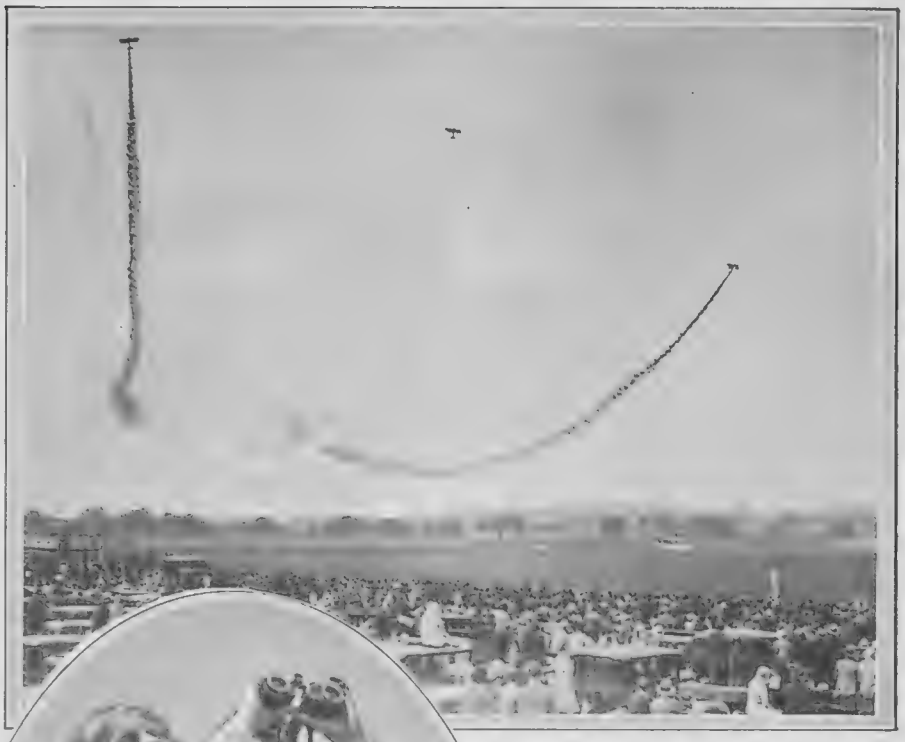
By Capt. C. E. Ward

The English Family Moth

THERE are five in the Moth family, the Puss and the Hawk being the latest additions. The Giant Moth arrived on the scene more than two years ago, but apart from a few in Australia and Canada, and one in England owned by N.F.S., there has been little demand for the big brother. The one and only Tiger Moth, built for the light 'plane speed records, which it captured without an effort, has found a sporting owner in Australia, and meanwhile the old original father Moth continues to propagate his species at an enormous rate. Early aircraft were named as a rule after their designer, and it was not until the War that we had official recognition for "Pups," "Camels," "Bats," "Dolphins," and so on. Nowadays most designers give their machines a name before they leave the "shops," and I believe the Moth owes its title to the fact that Captain de Havilland is a moth fancier or entomologist in his spare time. Moths of various hues have travelled more widely and become better known than any other light aeroplane. They are recognised in the air almost as easily as Fords on the road, the comparison ending most fortunately with recognition, for they show no tendency to shed nuts and bolts whilst in flight. The Ford still enjoys one advantage, however, and that is as a subject for jokes, a sure sign of fame. When we can say to anyone that something startling is "enough to make a Moth stall," then flying will have taken pride of place to motoring.

Records for England

DE HAVILLAND'S contribution to Amy Johnson in acknowledgment of her flight to Australia is a Puss Moth, the two-seater saloon with provision for a chaperon or extra luggage, as required. A Puss had a ducking recently in the Channel, the incident being reported incorrectly as due to engine failure. Mr. Brian Lewis, who sold the machine, was informed by the pilot that he touched the water accidentally in a fog, and that the engine was running perfectly. It seems a pity that such a fine pilot as Sqn.-Ldr. Wynn Eaton should risk his life by an Atlantic crossing on a Moth, when so many people have proved that nothing is impossible. A non-stop flight such as that from this country to Constantinople, to be undertaken by Prince Jean Ghica, is of far more practical value. Incidentally, its success would also mean another record for England, whilst a landing by the wayside need have no ill effects.



Central Press

One of the most spectacular events at the recent R.A.F. display at Hendon. Aeroplanes are seen performing "stunts," what time they discharge trails of different coloured smoke

G.P.U.

TWO LITTLE BUTTERFLIES WATCH THE MOTHS

A happy snapshot of two little enthusiasts enjoying the flying at the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon

O'er Greenland's Icy Mountains

THE British Arctic Air Route Expedition is tackling the problem of flying to America on the right lines, for not only is the shortest route to Canada and the Western States *via* the Arctic Circle, but the proposed airway will not involve more than a 500-mile sea crossing on any stage. The expedition, under the leadership of Mr. H. G. Watkins, has been financed privately. Sir Charles Close, addressing the Royal Geographical Society, said that the expedition took with it the particular good wishes of the Society, the best instruments it could furnish, and as much money as it could afford to advance. A year is to be spent on the ice cap of Greenland to find the best crossing for a civil air service starting from London and proceeding *via* Scotland, the Faroë Islands and Iceland. From Greenland the route would continue over Baffin Land and Hudson Bay.

Pillar-box Blue

A NEW colour has been born, or perhaps one should say an old colour has appeared with a new name. At first sight the blue air mail boxes do not seem bright enough to catch the eye which is in a hurry, and one can't help feeling that something more startling is required. However, they have added another touch of romance to London streets and are a further reminder that we live in the air age. In 1919 only 2,200 miles were covered by European air routes, and this had risen last year to 58,000. The countries of destination printed on the new pillar boxes form an interesting lesson in geography. Every day at 5.45 there is a collection for Central Europe, Belgium, France, Holland and Russia, and at 7.45 Scandinavia, Finland, Italy and Switzerland. At 10.45 on Tuesdays and Fridays air mails are collected for the United States, Canada and Central America.

C. E. W.

IN LOVE with the 'ivory' tip!

How smooth and sleek it is
—the elegant 'ivory' tip!
How pure and mild—the
fine cigarette it adorns!

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 *for* 6*d.* A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE *Turks* 20 *for* 1/-

WHERE PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE *Alfieri*

A picturesque view of the Wye at Hay, not far from Hereford. This stretch of the river is particularly good for trout fishing

THE CAPERCAILLIE AND THE MARTEN

By "Clodhopper"

I HAVE received two letters of a kind highly interesting to naturalist sportsmen. One from the Scottish Highlands tells of a successful nesting period in regard to those magnificent game birds, capercaillies, in the great pine woods of Perthshire. The second letter records the recent appearance of representatives of that exceedingly rare species of our indigenous fauna, the marten, in the beautiful Ganllwyd valley, a glen of fairydom through which that limpid, boulder-strewn haunt of salmon, trout and sewin, the Mawddach, purls and races on its ever downward course from the mountains to the picturesque little estuary, which, in favourable weather, affords good wildfowling to the local "gunners" of Barmouth and Dolgelly.

HERE follows an extract from the letter of Commander A. N. Gregory, R.N., upon whose shooting at Ganllwyd, I take it, the family of martens were discovered: "A nest of martens was found on this land a few weeks ago, and as they were frightening the sheep (a small mountain breed almost as timid as roe deer) I got the keeper to see what he could do about them. The martens have apparently 'hopped it' owing to the farmer of the land having hunted them away with his dogs. Martens, according to local tradition, travel widely, and only make their appearance on the same ground about once in every twenty years or so. If not disturbed, they are reputed to remain in the neighbourhood for about twelve months." In view of the fact that the Ganllwyd valley is practically devoid of game—there are a few grouse and blackgame on the neighbouring moors—destructive though they are, martens would not be likely to tackle a healthy mountain lamb, so it seems a pity that these interesting, and well-nigh extinct, Mustelines were not left in peace. On the other hand so wild and timid are Welsh mountain sheep that the mere sight of a marauding pack of such uncommon and viperous-looking creatures as martens would be quite sufficient to cause a whole flock to stampede like a scared herd of red deer.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

ORDER YOUR CARTRIDGES

WHEN ordering cartridges there is very little that a man can do to ensure getting something extra good, if indeed such a thing exists except by chance. Supposing a testing plant were available you would aim for a moderate pressure, something as near as possible to 2½ tons on the square inch. Even with an exact measurement before you there is no certainty, because the value stated is needed on the day of shooting, and that might mean a pressure for July testing that would count as excessive, judged simply as pressure. Velocity should be about 1,070 feet-per-second over the usual 20 yards' testing distance. Up to 1,100 is just as good, but there is no discoverable advantage in exceeding it. The most pleasant recoil in my judgment is that which a one-ounce charge produces at the above level of behaviour. For shot size I favour the smaller counts, actually No. 7, but order 6½ because usually more regular, that is, the tiny ones have been sifted into the No. 7 hopper. Pattern, regular from round to round and of good shape, I regard as the most important item in cartridge performance, while from the gun I prefer the wide spread of true cylinder boring. Its range and effectiveness are ample for all except birds as small as the snipe. With complete facilities for testing, I am always content to buy the regular good-quality loading of a competent gunmaker or the goods bearing the guarantee of our one and only highly "rationalised" manufacturer.

I HAVE always been puzzled as to why capercaillie should be regarded by ornithologists as grouse. The general appearance, habits and habitat of caper are quite different from those of the red grouse, ptarmigan, and other species of true grouse; they frequent extensive pine forests, and not open moors like grouse; their food consists mainly of pine tops, acorns, wild fruit and berries, heather not being essential to their existence, though it is to that of moorfowl. Capercaillie do not pair, the cocks being polygamous, nor do they congregate in packs. They roost in fir trees, not on the ground, except during the height of the moulting period when these heavy birds are practically unable to fly; in fact, there is so little in common between the two species that it is difficult to understand why they should be classed as belonging to the same order of game-birds. But scientists having decided that the caper is a giant among grouse, we must leave it so.

THAT the capercaillie is a true-born feathered Briton through and through there is not the shadow of doubt. Harvey Brown, the great authority on the species, states that the bird was known to the ancient Britons as Ceiliogcoed, while it was mentioned by Hector Boetus so far back as 1526. In the Earl of Atholl's forests, and in the wooded portions of Sutherlandshire, capers existed in considerable numbers, as did they also in some parts of Ireland, notably in Tipperary, in which country a few stray specimens were shot between 1775-77.

THEN owing, probably, to the destruction of vast tracts of woodland by fire, felling and natural causes, capercaillie became to all intents and purposes—if not entirely—extinct in Great Britain. Efforts were made to reintroduce the species into Scotland by Lord Fife and other Scottish landowners during the 'thirties. But in every case the birds, which were imported from Denmark, turned out a complete failure. In 1836, however, an attempt made by the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to populate his friend Lord Breadalbane's woods at Taymouth Castle with capercaillie met with complete success.

NEXT WEEK. Look out for our

SPECIAL

SHOOTING SUPPLEMENT

Also for

Lady Kitty Ritson's Article on

SPORTING DOGS.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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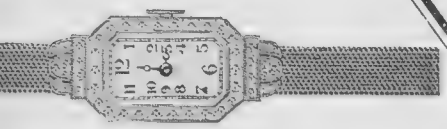

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You see beautifully wavy hair everywhere. . . . Can you tell if it is naturally wavy or the natural result of a Eugène Permanent? It is almost impossible to tell the difference.

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Be sure your Hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets—26 to 36 for each wave. You can tell them by the Eugène trade mark on each Sachet, or sample Sachet and booklet free on request from EUGÈNE, LTD., 31, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

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PERMANENT WAVES

Fashions Fancies

By Lenare

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH

Youth is never better served than by simplicity, and this charming cotton frock from Robinson and Cleaver is consequently sure to be a success. It is made in primrose-coloured voile, delicately embroidered with tiny peach and azure flowers surrounded by green leaves, and it is further adorned with many rows of hemstitching. The shady hat is fashioned from stiffened linen

Neat Travelling Clothes

By Olive Caley Smith

Triangular stitching on the crown adds distinction to this felt hat from Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street. It is neatly banded with petersham, and the second model is expressed in tangerine felt bound with georgette

Kindly Weather

The late summer is all in the favour of those who are not going for their holidays until the end of July, for the Sales which are now proceeding in practically all the London shops afford them splendid opportunities of purchasing light clothes at particularly low prices. Only brief résumés can be given here, but Sale catalogues will be sent free on request, and will prove well worth studying.

Seaside Frocks

During July exceptional offers are being made in every department at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge. The older woman who is in search of cool frocks will find beautifully tailored dresses in Deval washing silk for only 89*s*. 6*d*., while sleeveless affairs in heavy quality washing crêpe de Chine are available for 63*s*. Fabrics have been drastically marked down, and considerable reductions are being made on model gowns, wraps and hats.

Summer Coats

Summer coats in novelty materials, including models in wool georgette, silks, Romaine and tweeds, all for 60*s*. each, are a feature of the Sale which is now taking place at Gooch's, of Knightsbridge. Original model dresses by famous French designers have been reduced to £8, £10 and £12, and charming afternoon frocks which originally cost 7½ gns. are now available for £4. The Jewellery Department offers beaded necklets for 1*s*. each instead of 5*s*. 6*d*., and, furthermore, there is a wonderful selection.

Lightweight Suits

At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, only a fortnight is set aside for the Summer Sale. It commences on July 7 and continues until July 18. Tweed two-piece suits for 98*s*. 6*d*. and wool voile dresses with three-quarter length coats, reduced from 8½ gns. to 6½ gns., are available in the Tailormade Department, and a uniform reduction is being made on every garment in the Fur Department. Model evening gowns, reduced from 15½ gns. to 6½ gns., printed crêpe de Chine frocks with capes or coats for 94*s*. 6*d*. (these in the Tea Gown Department), and heavy satin nightdresses for 29*s*. 6*d*. are other outstanding attractions.

Beautiful Lingerie

The Sale which is now proceeding at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, is acting as an irresistible magnet. This is easily understandable, for they are offering such bargains as beautifully made crêpe de Chine dresses for 59*s*. 6*d*., instead of the usual price of 5 gns., exclusive jumpers made from the best quality woollen yarn for 20*s*., fancy Pedal hats marked down from 21*s*. 9*d*. to 12*s*. 9*d*., and silk crêpe de Chine pyjamas which originally cost from 49*s*. 6*d*. to 69*s*. 6*d*. for 18*s*. 9*d*.

At Makers' Prices

At Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street, a large selection of printed crêpe de Chine afternoon frocks and two-piece ensembles are now being offered at makers' prices. These range from £5 to 8 gns., and represent really wonderful value. Their Sale proper does not commence until July 14. No catalogue will be issued, as all the goods are marked down only a few days prior to the opening date. These reductions apply to the Eastern Buildings, Men's and Boys' Clothing, as well as to every section in the main building.

Bargains in Shoes

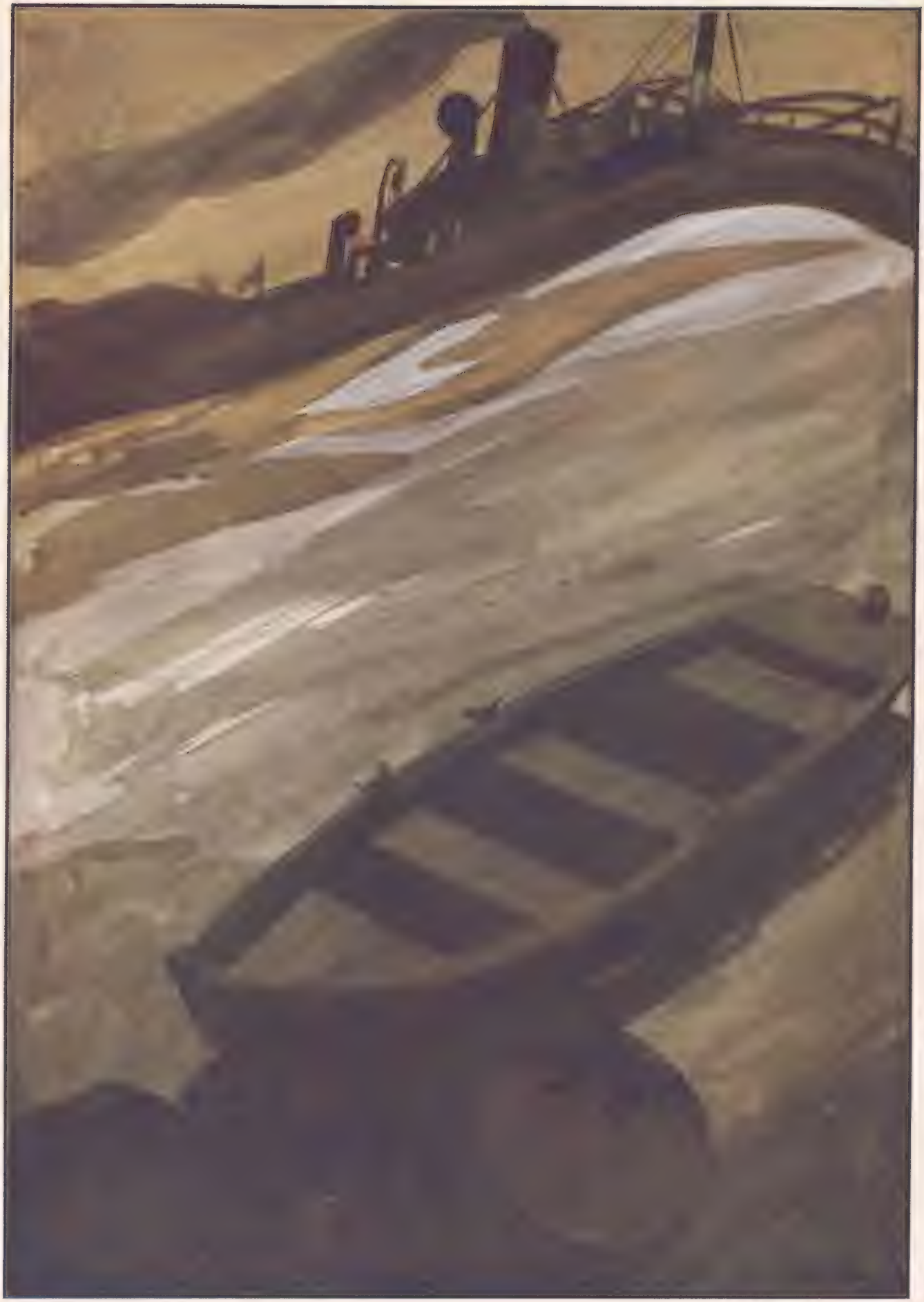
It is the practice of the London Shoe Company to sell off the summer stock at their Regent Street and Sloane Street branches at drastic reductions, so that they can make room for the Autumn models. This year the Sale commenced on June 30, for two weeks, and as all the shoes are from the regular stock and are, therefore, of the highest quality, they may be regarded as gilt-edged investments.

Exquisite Linen

Who could resist the opportunity of acquiring hand-woven handkerchiefs from 7*s*. 6*d*. a dozen, and men's pure linen handkerchiefs from 10*s*. 6*d*. a dozen at the White House, 51, New Bond Street? Their Sale is now proceeding, and they are making a speciality of coloured linen sheets with coloured blankets to match. There are also Directoire knickers in pure silk crêpe de Chine for 29*s*. 6*d*., and hand-worked crêpe de Chine nightdresses, edged with real Valenciennes, for 59*s*. 6*d*.

An admirable travelling coat tailored by Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street. It is called the York, and is made in overchecked suiting with a flared hem. The travelling equipment comes from the Distinctive Luggage Department at Debenham and Freebody's, and consists of a blue morocco hat box and blouse case, lined with grey moiré. The cushion is slipped into a similar zip-fastened cover that has an outside flap to hold papers

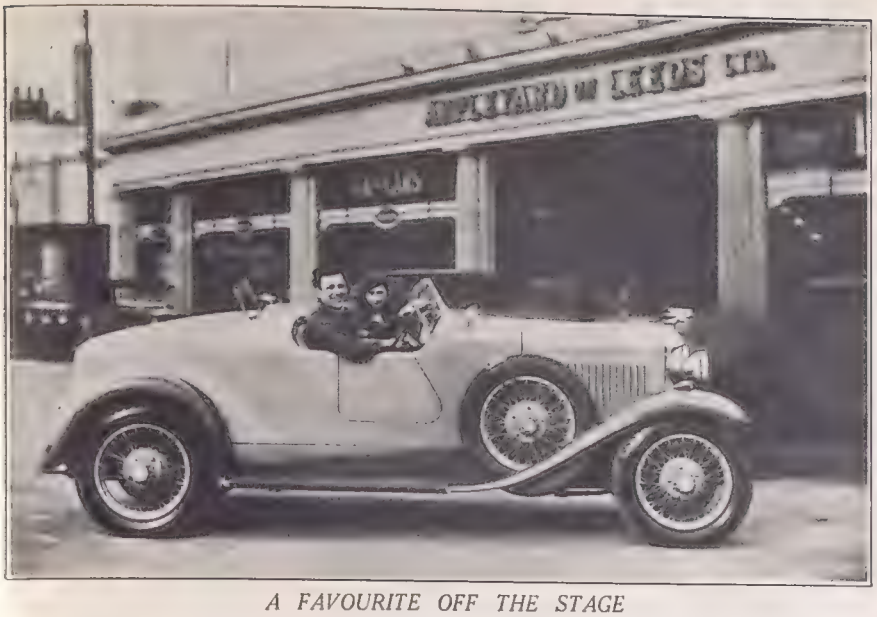
ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.



"FOG"

BY JOHN T. COLLINS

MOTOR NOTES



A FAVOURITE OFF THE STAGE

Carl Brisson, the well-known musical comedy and film star, seen with his sister, Lily Brisson, in a Vauxhall Hurlingham Sports Roadster. These cars are noted both for their speed and efficiency

DAZZLE DANGERS

By E. M. Wright

REFERENCE to the dazzle nuisance at this time of the year may seem unseasonable. But, in point of fact, motorists are just as liable to be blinded by ill-controlled head lights in July as they are in January, if they happen to be on the road after dark. The sufferers are fewer, certainly, but the nuisance remains the same. Such, at any rate, seems to be the view of the R.A.C., who have just issued a very interesting memorandum on the question of dazzle and the attempts which have so far been made to overcome it.

***

THEY have been holding organised trials of head lamps since 1909 and now conduct annual demonstrations of new devices in Richmond Park. The number of inventors who have tackled the problem is legion; but so far, it must be admitted, no one has evolved a really satisfactory solution. Indeed, inventors who can usually be relied upon to devise something novel—whether it is practical or not is another matter—have gone so stale that the recent anti-dazzle devices they have brought out have in most cases merely been repetitions of previous ones.

***

THE crux of the difficulty lies in the fact that the elimination of dazzle is not the only consideration. The primary reason for having head lights at all is, of course, to give a proper driving light, and so far, it seems, you cannot have a really safe driving light without at the same time causing at least a certain amount of dazzle. A compromise is, therefore, necessary, and in the opinion of the Royal Commission on Transport the best compromise so far devised is dipping head lights. Dipping, however, is a wide term. Not only can the beam be thrown downwards; it can also be thrown sideways to the near side of the road; while in some types of head light the beam is both dipped and swivelled.

***

BUT before anyone equips his car, or —much more likely—is made to equip his car with dipping or side-swinging head lamps, yet another problem has to be solved; and that is, how far must the beam be deflected effectively to avoid dazzling oncoming traffic? There is no such thing as semi-dazzle. Drivers are either blinded or not. If any part of the main beam shines into their eyes they will still be unable to see, even though the head lamps have been turned a little to one side or slightly dipped. Gradual depression or swinging of the beam does not lead to a corresponding gradual cessation of the blinding effect. A point, however, is reached where the blinding effect quickly and definitely ceases.

***

IN order, therefore, that dipping or side-swinging head lights shall be effective they must be capable of deflecting their beam to this pre-determined point. This, incidentally, introduces another snag. The angle of deflection, to be really effective, would have to be great enough to prevent dazzle, even when two cars approached each other almost head on, as, for instance, in a narrow country lane. Now, obviously, the more you deflect the head lights either downwards or sideways the shorter the distance you can see ahead, and consequently the slower you must proceed. For this reason I am inclined to doubt whether the average owner-driver, who is apt to be very thoughtless in such matters, would make effective use of the device at a time when it was most needed.

***

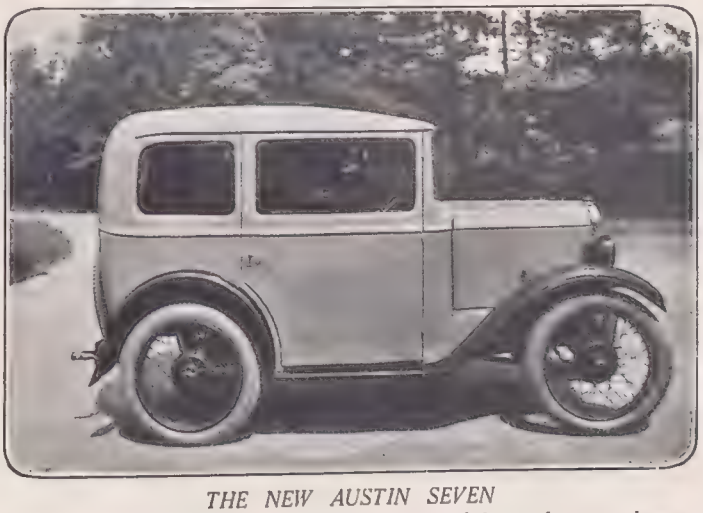
THERE is still another problem that will have to be solved. How far on should head lights be dipped? Some drivers—fortunately only a few—insist on using ultra-powerful bulbs in their head lights, with the result that they effectively dazzle anyone approaching from a very long distance. If such drivers remember to dip their lights in sufficient time, well and good; but will they? I fear not. The only way, probably, to prevent this type of nuisance is to limit the candle-power of the bulbs which may be used.

***

SO far I have touched only on head lights. They are, of course, by far the worst offenders. But there has lately been a growing tendency to fit more and more brilliant side or "navigation" lights, while there is also the problem of the ultra-powerful spot-light. If there is a good case for prohibiting the fitting of excessively powerful head lights, there is even more reason why similar restrictions should apply to side lights, which cannot be dipped at all.

***

ALTHOUGH I am against adding to the enormous volume of regulations under which we already groan, I must admit that so long as motor owners and motor manufacturers are left to their own devices the dazzle



THE NEW AUSTIN SEVEN

One of the latest models of the Austin Seven. Some of the new features to be seen include pneumatic upholstery, a longer bonnet, new roof lines, and new belt moulding. Altogether a thoroughly comfortable car capable of holding four passengers

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

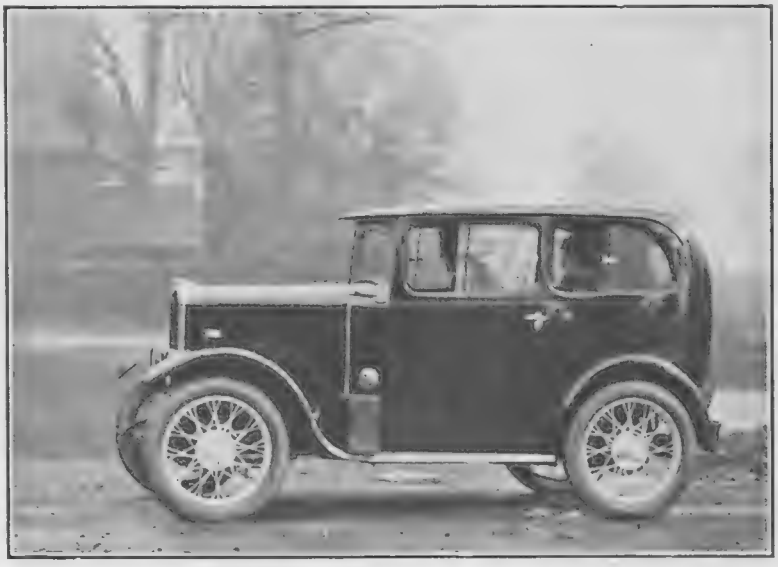
nuisance will go unchecked. Unlike other safety fitments, anti-dazzle head lamps confer no benefit other than spiritual upon the man who has them on his car. Be his lights never so well controlled, he remains liable to be utterly blinded by the lights on other people's cars. He is completely dependent upon the forethought and consideration of the other fellow. From bitter experience we have learned to expect little or nothing from the "other fellow" except that which he is compelled to give. Regulations on the subject are inevitable sooner or later. I only hope that any that are drafted will be elastic enough to permit of common-sense interpretation according to changing circumstances. If they follow the model of those seventy-three museum pieces which have governed the design and construction of the taxicab—with little relaxation or amendment since the dawn of the motor age—heaven help us!

***

More than ordinary interest is attached to the announcement of a new model when the car in question is produced by a firm which has steadfastly refused to introduce changes merely for the sake of novelty, and has, in fact, for years past retained the same models with only slight modification. The introduction, therefore, of a new Austin Seven coachbuilt saloon and a new fabric saloon is something of an event. Both models follow the same general lines and their appearance has been greatly improved. The coachbuilt saloon is particularly attractive. It now has a longer bonnet and body, a deeper radiator, a better roof line with rounded quarter panels, and a slightly sloping one-piece windscreen. Other features which add to its looks are a clean unbroken waistline and a new type of moulding running from the radiator hinge line right to the rear of the body.

***

Increased knee-room in the rear seats, which will now accommodate two adults with ease, adds greatly to the comfort of the car. All seats have pneumatic upholstery, and the back of the rear seat is fully sprung. Both front seats tip up, thus giving easy access to the rear ones through either of the wide doors. Perhaps the most important mechanical improvement from the owner-driver's point of view is the provision of four-wheel brakes operated by either the hand lever or the pedal. A two-level tap is fitted to the petrol tank, thus ensuring a reserve supply of petrol. An oil pressure gauge of the dial type is mounted on the instrument board in place of the "button" indicator. The blind over the rear window is controlled from the driver's seat. A stiffer and stronger crankshaft adds to the already very generous margin of strength and sturdiness of this famous baby car, while its carrying capacity has been increased by the installation of a stronger back axle and more robust suspension. Altogether, a thoroughly reliable and efficient car with many advantages. E. M. W.



The 1930 Triumph Super Seven coachbuilt saloon, which sells complete at £197 10s. Beautifully finished inside and out, it has the new-fashioned chromium ribbon-type radiator, and is available in various attractive colour schemes. The above photograph was taken in "London's Country," near Mill Hill

When you ask for XL, you imagine you are getting CASTROL XL. This is not always the case. Possibly you are served with an inferior oil—an oil that will do your engine incalculable harm, and, what is more, you are very often charged the Castrol price for it.

To be sure of getting CASTROL, say CASTROL first, and then the grade letters. It is worth your while to take this little extra trouble.

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DOGS

YOUR OWN PARTICULAR By "The Kennelman"

THIS is a good month for folk keen on specialist Dog Shows; Shows, that is, which are confined to one breed. There's no doubt they are interesting, because concentrated. The trouble about the very big open Shows, with their thousands of entries and miles of benches, is that one's attention is continually being distracted; the embarrassment of riches they present makes rather for surfeit, in the sense of preventing close, leisurely study of individual Dogs, or even of single breeds. Striving to explore the whole wood, you miss appreciation of some of the best trees in it.

AT the specialist Show, whichever way you look you have always before you Dogs of the particular breed upon which your affections are mainly centred, and—a point of no little import—you are sure to come in contact, without hunting up and special enquiries, with the leading experts and authorities, the most prominent breeders and judges, of the same breed, and so can often pick up more information (from your own special standpoint) in an hour or so than in a whole day at one of the biggest *tamashas*. But it's worth remembering all the same, no matter how keen you may be upon this or that particular breed, that the more one learns about Dogs generally the better one will understand any given branch of the family. Nevertheless, the specialist Shows have a certain intimate, friendly, direct sort of appeal that's well worth enjoying.

THERE is an important little matter of *noblesse oblige* which, in this month of July, calls for very special attention from every friend of Dogs. Please let nothing make you overlook it. Don't on any account leave it to the hazards of last-minute arrangements. In all holiday plans pray consider well, and early, what's going to be done about the Dogs. Their own vote every single time is for going with you. There are cheap fares for them now, you know; and, when all's said, they *are* members of the family, they're very adaptable, and their sharing of it will add to your own enjoyment. But, anyhow, if it isn't practicable to take them along, on honour make sure that they'll be properly provided for in your absence; reasonable freedom, correct, regular feeding, brushing and exercise. Please don't take any chances about this; don't run any risks of your pleasuring being their penal servitude.

SHAKE ON IT! *Planet News*

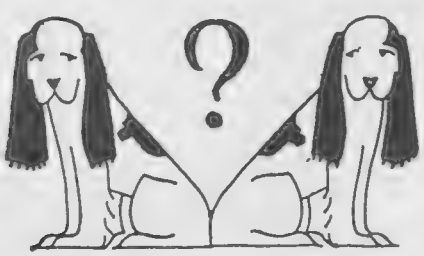
Little Miss Joy Rixon wishes her old-world Sheepdog, Phills Laddie, the best of luck before the judging at the Hertfordshire Agricultural Show. This was recently held at Hatfield, and attracted a large number of entries of all classes

TO-DAY, Wednesday, Cairn Terriers have their Show in Bloomsbury, and Schipperkes theirs in Knightsbridge. There's a Dalmatian Show at Bolton on the 12th, and one at Preston for Cockers. On the 15th we have Salukis in Knightsbridge, and on the 16th Pekingese at Tonbridge. The British Dog Breeders' Association's two-day Show, opening at the Crystal Palace on the 29th of this month, will be interesting.

SHE: "How old do you think I am?"

He: "You don't look it."

Which one is *really* clean



The one washed with

KŪR-MANGE

Peer down between the hairs of a dog's coat and see his skin. If it looks scaly and scurfy he is not really clean. He needs a bath with Kūr-Mange. Kūr-Mange is non-irritant because it is non-carbolic. It is non-greasy and non-odorous. Buy it at your Chemist or Stores or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods.

1/6 & 2/6 7 lbs. for 25/-

Use Kerol to disinfect the kennel

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If you have a dog, or can borrow one; if you have a camera, or can borrow one, enter this fascinating and simple competition now. You stand as good a chance as any of winning one of the big cash prizes offered

Prizes will be awarded for the most original or humorous photographs of dogs—snapshots or time exposures . . . the illustrated folder gives you all details.

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Competition closes September 30th, 1930.

ASK YOUR CORN MERCHANT, Kodak or Photographic Dealer for the illustrated folder giving full particulars and entry form.

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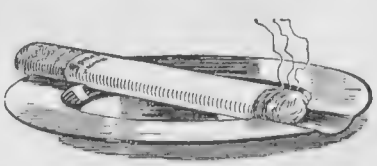

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	Reduced from	To
ft. in. × ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
8 7 × 5 11	11 3 6	9 4 6
8 9 × 7 0	13 9 6	11 2 6
9 0 × 5 11	11 14 0	9 13 0
9 2 × 7 2	14 9 0	11 18 0
9 3 × 6 0	12 4 0	10 1 6
9 10 × 6 1	13 3 0	10 17 6
10 2 × 7 1	15 17 0	13 2 0
10 10 × 9 0	21 6 0	17 11 6
11 0 × 7 11	19 2 0	15 16 6
11 2 × 9 2	22 9 6	18 11 0
11 4 × 8 5	20 3 0	16 13 0
11 6 × 9 1	22 19 0	18 18 6
11 8 × 10 6	26 18 0	22 3 6
11 10 × 7 11	20 12 0	17 0 0
11 11 × 9 0	23 11 0	19 8 6
12 3 × 9 0	24 4 0	20 0 0
12 5 × 10 11	29 15 0	24 11 0
12 7 × 9 4	25 15 6	21 5 6
12 7 × 10 2	28 2 0	23 4 0
12 11 × 10 11	30 19 0	25 10 6
13 2 × 9 2	26 10 0	21 17 6
13 4 × 10 0	29 6 0	24 3 6
13 11 × 9 11	30 6 0	25 0 0

	Reduced from	To
ft. in. × ft. in.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
14 1 × 10 2	31 9 0	25 19 6
14 1 × 11 0	34 0 0	28 1 6
14 2 × 9 3	28 15 0	23 14 6
14 2 × 12 3	38 2 0	31 9 0
14 7 × 10 0	29 17 0	24 12 6
14 7 × 11 0	35 4 6	29 1 6
14 9 × 12 0	38 17 0	32 1 6
14 10 × 10 10	35 6 0	29 2 6
15 0 × 12 0	39 10 0	32 12 0
15 1 × 9 11	32 16 6	27 2 0
15 2 × 11 3	37 9 0	30 18 0
15 7 × 10 10	37 1 6	30 12 0
16 0 × 11 0	38 9 0	31 15 0
16 7 × 11 2	40 13 0	33 11 0
16 8 × 13 1	47 17 0	39 9 6
17 0 × 10 10	40 8 6	33 7 0
17 7 × 12 1	46 13 0	38 10 0
17 11 × 12 0	47 4 0	38 19 0
18 8 × 12 2	49 17 0	41 3 6
19 10 × 12 0	55 11 0	45 16 6
20 0 × 11 10	51 19 6	42 17 6
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HORS D'ŒUVRES
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FILETS DE SOLE À LA CREOLE.

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PETITS POIS AU BEURRE.
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Hors d'Œuvres (Saucisson de Foie aux Œufs)

CUT some liver sausage into very thin slices; rub some hard-boiled yolk of egg through a sieve, and on each slice of the sausage arrange a teaspoonful of the egg, over which place some strips of French gherkin, a few sprigs of tarragon and chervil, and a sprinkling of coralline pepper.

Filets de Sole à la Creole

MINCE finely eight mushrooms, put them into a frying pan with two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped shallots and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

MENU

Hors-d'Œuvre
Grape Fruit
Saumon Fumé

Consommé à la Duse
Crème Lisette

Darne de Saumon d'Ecosse, Sauce Mousseline
Concombre Persillé

Poularde de Bresse Cocotte Rivièra
Pommes Anna
Cœurs de Laitues

Asperges Vertes au Beurre d'Isigny

Reine du Jardin Cardinal
Corbeille de Douceurs

The menu of an 8s. 6d. dinner served at the new Trafalgar Restaurant, in Trafalgar Square. It is signed by M. Bussetti, who, with M. Vercelli, is the proprietor. Dancing takes place nightly from 8.30 until 2

Add one ounce of butter and season with pepper and salt. Toss these ingredients over the fire until cooked, then let them get cold. Skin and fillet two soles. Cover one side of each with the above mixture, roll them up, tie each with a piece of thread, place them in a buttered sauté pan, and bake for ten minutes. Have ready some rich white sauce. Put each fillet into a china case, place a small mushroom on top of each. Fill up the cases with the hot sauce, and sprinkle over with a few brown breadcrumbs. Return to the oven for a few moments to brown the tops. Dish up and serve.

Blanquette de Veau

TAKE 2 lb. of lean veal free from skin and fat; fry an onion cut into small pieces in butter, then add the meat and fry gently for ten minutes, taking care that it does not brown. Remove the meat to a hot dish, and add to the pan a pint of cold water. Thicken the sauce, and when it has boiled for five minutes replace the meat, cover the pan closely and put into a moderately hot oven for two hours. Turn the veal once during that time, and if necessary add a little more water. Cut the meat into neat squares and keep hot in the oven while the sauce is finished. Let this boil up and add the yolk of an egg (stirring all the time) which has been beaten up with a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. Take the pan from the fire and strain the sauce over the meat and sprinkle with powdered parsley Serve with a surround of green peas

Soupers Sans Musique

BELLOMETTI

27 Soho Square,
Londres, W.1

184

The Holiday Dish

Introduce the ideal holiday atmosphere—to the kitchen and to the menu—by serving Chivers' Jellies for dessert to-morrow. No cooking to do—no flavouring required—simply add hot water to the jelly cubes and serve when set

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Delightful Rendezvous

The luncheon or tea hour—and a pause in the business of shopping. A pause when a well-earned rest is appreciated to the utmost, and one's plans are revised and adventures recounted. The new "William and Mary" Restaurant at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, provides an ideal setting for such relaxation and enjoyment. The panelled walls are painted a soft shade of bluish-green, against which the period furniture stands out to perfection, and the ceiling is a delicate biscuit colour. Small but beautifully shaped engraved mirrors, reproduced from a period model, carry sconces which hold the lights, and the waitresses wear green uniforms which complete a very distinctive and restful scheme. It is possible to obtain there either a light lunch or a meal of a more substantial character, for the excellent cuisine is directed by a famous chef. Furthermore, it is interesting to realise that the prices compare quite favourably with other West End restaurants.

The new "William and Mary" Restaurant at Debenham and Freebody's. Panelled walls painted in a soft shade of bluey-green and a biscuit-tinted ceiling form a delightfully restful colour scheme against which the period furniture stands out to perfection

All About Eastbourne

The Publicity Committee of the Eastbourne Town Council is to be congratulated on the very charming and interesting booklet which it has issued in the shape of its "Official Guide to Eastbourne." It offers all sorts of useful information for visitors, conveniently arranged and lavishly illustrated with recently taken photographs of the many attractive features of this delightful seaside resort. The whole book, which runs to some 120 pages and contains a good many views of the town, is well printed in mechanical photogravure, and it also possesses a bright and unconventional introductory chapter on "The Charm of Eastbourne," written by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, whose Literary Show is a favourite BYSTANDER feature. He is one of those who are fortunate enough to be able to make their homes in what has been called "the Empress of watering places."

Photography Simplified

The second of a series of interesting booklets published by Burroughs Wellcome & Co. under the title of "Photography Simplified" has just been issued; this edition deals with the question of development by the most scientific and safe method—the time and temperature method—as well as the relationship between exposure and development. The after-treatment of negatives by intensification or reduction is also described, the illustrations showing the difference between correct development, over- and under-development, and the improvement in faulty negatives which can be effected by using "Tabloid" Reducers or Intensifiers. Notes are included on developers in relation to particular classes of work. This booklet is artistically printed and is of interest and value to those desirous of getting the best results from their exposures. To any reader mentioning this journal the booklet will be sent post free by the publishers, Burroughs Wellcome and Co., Snow Hill Buildings, E.C.1.

A box of coloured-headed safety matches that cannot be upset. These "Unspillable" boxes, which are made in England by Publicity Book Matches, Ltd. cost 6d. each

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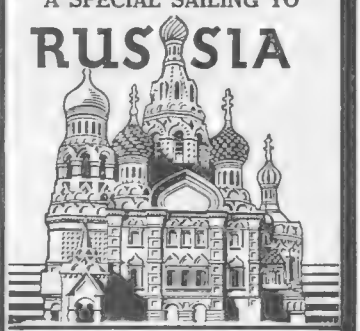

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ASK TO SEE THE NEW N&C Tricoline WEATHERCOAT. Rainproof yet Porous. Cool and Light.

HOW TO LOOK YOUR BEST INSTEAD OF YOUR AGE.

Take up the "ASCOT" Face Massage, the highest achievement in beauty culture outfits Wrinkles smoothed away and a youthful complexion attained on any pallid cheek In taking up the "ASCOT" interrogate your mirror for results.

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Is advertising working day and night, year in and year out, upholding the quality and prestige of the products bearing your good name, or is it by onslaught or "gentle persuasion" weaning a public preference for your competitor's wares?

Is it gaining a ready entry for your salesmen, or do they represent a firm that does not advertise?

Is it *holding secure* those dealer relations which, "however many years he's done business with you," will inevitably, if reluctantly, be broken when it comes to his pocket — his business? He *must* buy what the public demands, and how often he knows before you!

That's it! *"What the public demands."*

Does your smaller order mean that demand has fallen, or that some competitor or newcomer has an order for your "minus quantity?" You will seldom know before it is too late.

In brief, is advertising protecting your business —promoting consumer demand for your goods?

This is a sincere interrogation to the non-advertiser, whether big manufacturer or small trader, for there are few businesses which will be able to dispense with the silent service of advertising in the next ten years. Every day the great public becomes more susceptible to its guiding influence. They trust it now more than ever — they accept advertised products with an unconscious satisfaction leading from first purchase to perpetual goodwill.

To-day the grocers, the chemists, the drapers, the ironmongers, retailers in every business are selling, ofttimes in great volume, products which less than five years ago were unknown. You will find them selling articles and commodities which have been forced out of obscurity into the forefront by consumer demand through advertising.

The day is here when leading manufacturers are ready to stake their whole business reputation on products bearing their name. They have learned never to lose sight of advertising considerations from the constituents or construction of the product until it reaches the consumer. Advertising in all its phases is used to pilot their merchandise through every trade channel and to help overcome every form of sales resistance.

These are the manufacturers — the traders, who are investing in public goodwill towards their products in the future. They realise the public is learning to refuse unsponsored merchandise, and that their ultimate position in the market depends upon the consistent excellence of their products and the effectiveness of their advertising activity. They are planning to-day for the sales of to-morrow.

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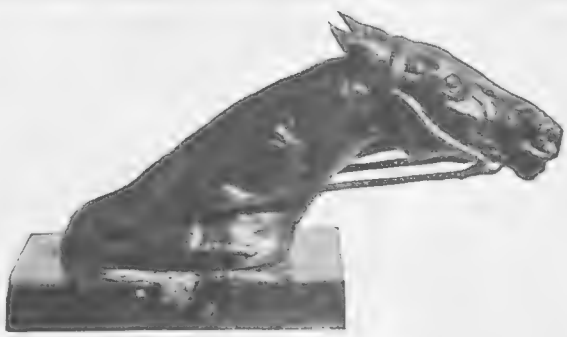

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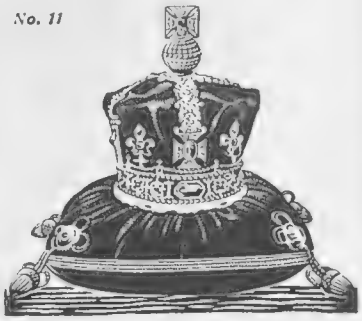
All racing men and women will appreciate the fire and dash in the forward-reaching stretch of the mettlesome head. Whether in bronze, mounted on a marble base as illustrated above, or in brass, silver-plated, adapted for mounting as a mascot on the radiator cap of a car, this is a piece which every lover of a gallant horse must wish to possess.

The head is 2½ ins. high at the forehead, and is mounted on a marble slab measuring 3¼ ins. by 1¾ ins.

Obtainable solely from The Sporting Gallery, where examples in the form illustrated, and also as adapted for car mascot purposes, can be seen. Orders will be executed in strict rotation.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

"Coloure Makyth the Home"
No. 11



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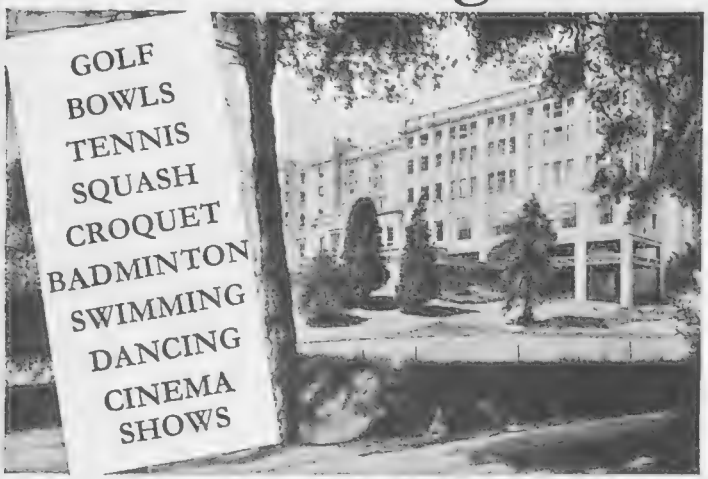

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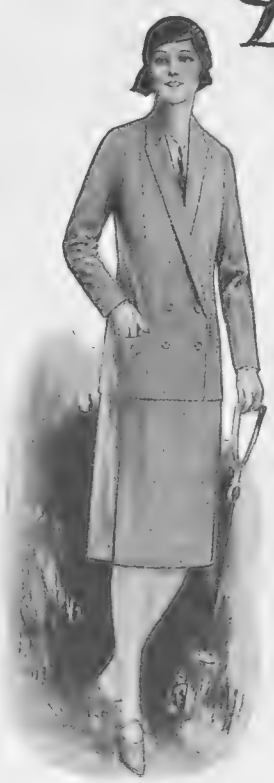

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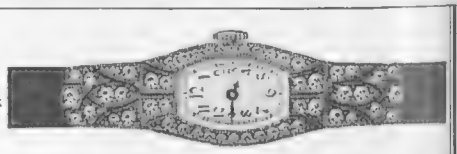

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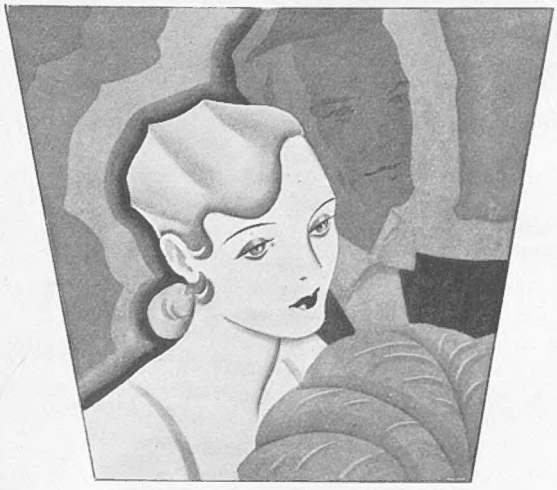

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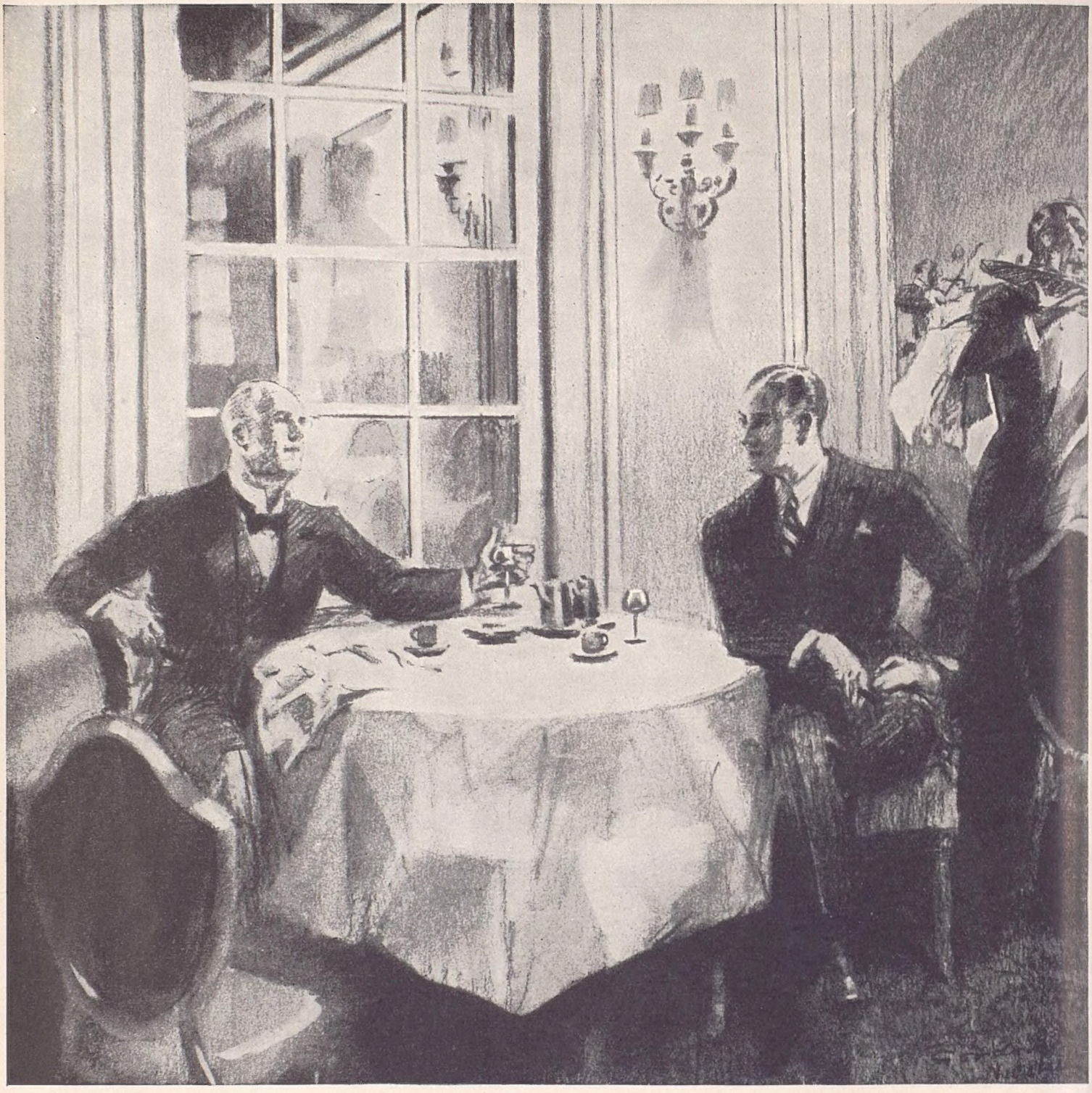


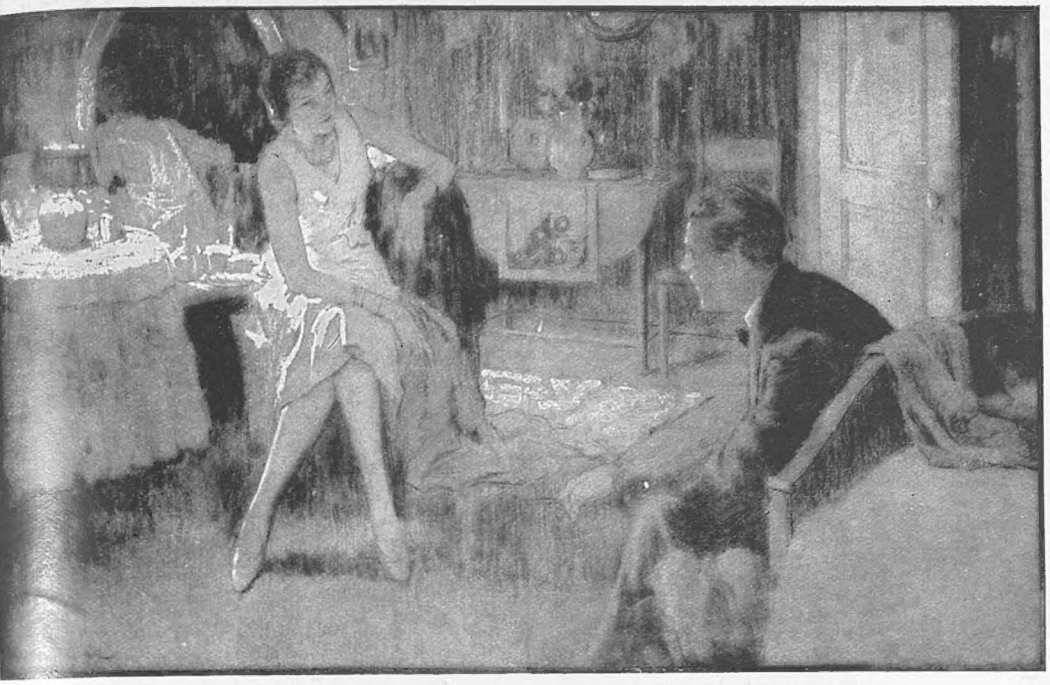
The Young 'un: "Dined with the old Colonel last night. He's very proud of his brandy. Marvellous old crooked bottle and dated back a century or so."

The Old Stager: "Was the stuff inside good?"

The Young 'un: "To tell you the truth I was disappointed—it was rather flat and flavourless and much too sweet. Not a patch on this 'Cordon Bleu.'"

The Old Stager: "Ah! It was a case of age — perhaps — *without* quality. In 'Cordon Bleu' you don't get a date but you do get Age *and* Quality."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU



She put down her comb at last and turned round on her chair so that she was facing him.
"Well, Nicholas," she said, "what about Pauline Grey?"
Nicholas fidgeted with his hands.
"It's very serious this time," he said sadly.
"And is she taking it seriously, too?" Vanna forced her voice to sound natural.
"That," Nicholas pointed out, "is what I want to know. You see, Vanna, she's a good woman. A very good woman. Almost a saint, in fact."
Vanna picked up a scent spray, and sprayed her hair.
"In that case, darling, I'm afraid it may be a bit difficult for you."
Nicholas nodded. "She's been very kind to me, and so interested in my career," he said, thoughtfully. "We've had tea together four times, and I've only known her ten days."
Vanna got up. "Well then, Nicholas, why worry?" She went over to the wardrobe and took out her cloak.
Nicholas was still sitting disconsolately on the settee fidgeting with his hands.
"You can't go yet, Vanna," he said peevishly. "I've a lot more to say to you."
Vanna sat down again.
"Be as quick as you can, darling; I'm late already."
Nicholas shifted his position.
"Pauline Grey is the kind of person who expects marriage—or nothing," he said sullenly, and Vanna drew in her breath with a low hissing sound.
"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh, Nicholas!"
He came over to her, and touched her arm. He was looking very solemn.
"You could marry Arthur Jefferson," he went on a little nervously, noticing the pallor of her cheeks, and the whipped dog look in her eyes. . . .

The glare of the limelight becomes too strong for this musical comedy star in "IDOL," by Barbara Hedworth.

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